

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 13, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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B.F. Goodrich



These B.F. Goodrich Traction Express tires have traveled 127,000 miles, still going strong!

MOUSET Packing Co., Inc., operates a fleet of trucks to haul meat products to the northern states from Opelousas, La. Trucks travel as much as 1,200 miles one way, carrying loads as heavy as 31 tons. Trucks often work 'round the clock, 7 days a week. For this rugged work, Mouser chooses B.F. Goodrich Traction Express tires. The set above has traveled 127,000 miles in less than a year, still has miles to go before retreading. One set has gone 206,000 miles, has yet to be retreaded!

Such mileage records aren't unusual, because B.F. Goodrich builds the Traction Express with a tread that's up to 33% thicker than that of an ordinary tire.

Under the tread is the B.F. Goodrich FLEX-RITE NYLON cord body. It withstands double the impact of ordinary cord materials, resists heat blow-outs and flex breaks. The FLEX-RITE NYLON cord body outwears even the extra-thick Traction Express tread, can be retreaded again and again.

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B.F. Goodrich truck tires

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Cover: Becky Collins ▶

Becky is one of the dedicated teen-agers who will be in the women's AAU swimming championships next week. Some of her friends are shown in color on pages 19 to 22.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ On the eve of the second chaotic U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual track meet, July 18 and 19 in Philadelphia, Tex. Movie previews the competition, event by event, and picks winners.

▶ In action on a weather log, meet Star class sailors Skip and Mary Etchells, a comely but nervous husband-and-wife team that almost always wins and never looks very bad.

▶ Visiting San Francisco's great Golden Gate Park, Horace Sutton reports on ball-players and rhododendrons and a charming tradition of green grass and no "keep off" signs.

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THE STICKIEST WICKET



In which Hugh Bentley-Giddings
botches the attempt to smuggle
Lamplighter Gin back from
the States to the Empire
for his personal use.



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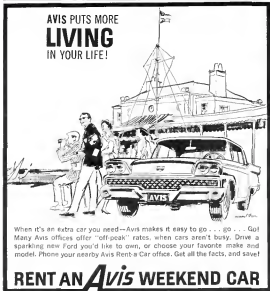


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SCOREBOARD continued

faces in the crowd . . .



MARIA PILAR RODMAN, 19, dark-haired Mexican beauty, displayed perfect form, poise and thrust her way to upset of veteran Maxine Matthews, became first non-American to win U.S. women's foil title at Los Angeles.

STUART WACKENHEIM, strapping Airman who has made career of winning Diamond Sculls, left weary Philadelphiaan Harry Parker six lengths behind, moved off with his third straight title at Royal Henley Regatta.



TONY BROOKS, daring Boston, buzzed his squat Ferrari along at 127.3-mph clip under torrid sun at Rheims to win Grand Prix d'Europe, moved within five points of Jack Brabham in race for world driving crown.

TOM HAMILTON, 63, sometime Navy football hero, resigned post as Pitt athletic director to take on challenging job as executive director of newly organized Athletic Association of Western Universities.



BILLY HUGHES, former Cub and Giant shortstop who learned to live at cellar as Washington coach, was named to replace Mike Higgins as manager of last-place Boston. Promoted Billy "We'll hustle like hell."

BILLY WOSHILL, handy attackman who scored 50 goals, 25 assists while leading Johns Hopkins to share of national lacrosse title, and seamstress Mickey Webster were named to Wheaton All-American for third time.



HARRY MARSH, one of Albuquerque's racing fans, earned his long-sleeved Pontiac-powered car up twisting 12.5-mile mountain course in record 13:36.5, won his third Pikes Peak Hill Climb at Colorado Springs.

Charlie Perkins

How wage hikes and taxes threaten your job

"Walk into nearly any store today with the idea of buying something

"You'll see products from abroad right alongside our American-made ones. Nails, tools, and cotton fabric, dinnerware, sewing machines, cameras, cars, bicycles and watches are some of them. And practically in every case, the imports cost less.

"Foreign manufacturers now compete sharply with our own industries. And they do so without two handicaps every American business faces today.

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* * * *

Charlie Perkins, who is Manager of our Purchasing Department, points up some cogent facts.

In five years U.S. imports climbed 77% while our exports rose only 27%. In 1958 our exports were one billion dollars below 1957.

Unearned wage increases and ever-mounting taxes could reduce us to second-rate status among nations with a real unemployment problem here at home.

YOUR COMMENTED: Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.



Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The slumping **Milwaukee Braves**, hampered all year by inadequate hitting and fielding at second base, found the loss of Shortstop Johnny Logan (.332 BA) too much to overcome. Four different men were used at second and short last week, and between them they managed to bat .194 and knock in two runs while making six errors. The **San Francisco Giants** finally got some of the heavy hitting they were supposed to get all along, and the team charged merrily into the lead . . . for a day. Sam Jones threw a heart-breaking one-batter and Johnny Antonelli a five-hit shutout as the pitching staff continued to surprise everybody (lowest ERA in the majors). Manager Rigney got so excited he proclaimed confidently: "I think we can go all the way. My young bulls have the taste of first place and they like it." Everyone on the **Los Angeles Dodgers** stopped hitting all at once, and a lot of good pitching by the team's young rocket throwers was wasted. The **Pittsburgh Pirates**, who seem to specialize in one-run games, won three more last week, courtesy of Team Captain Dick Groat. Benché earlier in the season for weak hitting, Groat whacked a ninth-inning home to beat the Phils, a 10th-inning bases-loaded single to beat the Braves and two triples and a single to beat the Reds. The **Chicago Cubs** hung in there at the .300 level despite little help so far from Powermen Long, Walls, Thomson and Mervyn. The Cubs' punch has come from Ernie Banks, as expected, and from Second Baseman Tony Taylor, surprisingly. A .235 hitter last year and unsure in the field, Taylor developed into a fine fielder and is hitting over .300. Everything happened to the **St. Louis Cardinals**.

In one game two balls got into play at the same time (see page 26). In another, a home-town fan leaped out of the stands and punched an umpire in the face. Volatile Manager Hemas got booted out of his fifth game (a new half-season record for a rookie manager) and suspended for five days. The pitching was shaky, and the team lost more often than it won. The **Cincinnati Reds**, who are desperate for some pitching help (most runs allowed in the league), were heartened when rookie bonus pitcher Jim O'Toole finally won his first game. "Just blaze away and don't



TOP ROOKIES in the majors were Bob Allison (left) and Willie Tashy, two hard-hitting American League center fielders.

been restored at last. But the team got strong pitching from Walker, O'Dell and Pappas, won three straight and bounced right back into the middle of things. The lack of an adequate bench hurt the **Detroit Tigers** badly. With Center Fielder Al Kaline, Johnny Groth (No. 1 outfield reserve), Second Baseman Frank Bolling, Ted Lepcio (No. 1 infield reserve) all out with injuries, the Tigers looked pretty shoddy. The puzzling **New York Yankees** drive toward first place flared out. Matter of fact, the team isn't even playing 500 ball any more. (Exactly a year ago the Yanks were 48-25 and leading the league by 11 games.) The amazing **Washington Senators** suddenly got good pitching and improved defense (Aguinaldo and Conzolo at second and short tightened up the infield) to go along with the explosive hitting of Kilbreath, Allison, Lemon and Sievers. Now last place looks like a bad dream of the past. The **Kansas City Athletics** continued to get plenty of hits, but not enough runs to offset some mediocre pitching. The disappointing **Boston Red Sox** played under three different managers last week, and it still didn't make much difference. After losing five in a row and skidding into the cellar, Mike Higgins was fired. Coach Rudy York filled in for a losing game, and handed the team over to the new manager, Billy Jurges. Jurges then extended the losing streak to seven before the Sox managed to win.

Standings: NY 44-33 SF 48-25 LA 47-37 Phil 43-39 Chi 39-41 StL 37-47 Cin 35-45 Pitt 29-48
StL 42-40 Wash 37-41 KC 35-43 Bos 33-44

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Kilbreath Wash (267)	63	46	109
Pappas Cin (239)	63	27	90
Jones Wash (227)	52	38	90
Adams Wash (202)	52	37	89
Aguinaldo Cin (196)	54	29	83
Coleman Cin (202)	50	33	83
NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Roberson Cin (373)	54	53	109
Amos Mil (373)	54	50	104
Wynn StL (313)	43	48	91
Francis Cin (318)	62	43	105
Cade Pitt (320)	56	46	102

*Derived by subtracting RBs from RBI.

weary about the walk," veteran Johnny Temple advised the youngster before the game. "You'll walk more if you take something off your pitches than if you just throw hard and find your groove." It worked. The **Philadelphia Phillies** got some good pitching from Conley and Roberts and, as a consequence, won a few ball games. "It's this way," said Manager Sawyer. "We seldom score many runs, and the team will give the opposition four and five outs an inning. So it's up to our pitchers to handle the main burden."

Standings: NY 44-33 SF 48-25 LA 47-37 Phil 43-39 Chi 39-41 StL 37-47 Cin 35-45 Pitt 29-48

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Cleveland Indians** were once again rolling smoothly along. The team hit hard and often. Enigmatic Herb Score was back in business as a spectacular winning pitcher; he followed up a brilliant two-hit shutout by striking out 14 batters. The **Chicago White Sox** (see page 28) finally found some power. And it was in Al Smith's bat all along. He hit a grand slammer in one game and won another with a 10th-inning home run. Using the same bat, Sherm Lollar also hit two homers. The patchwork **Baltimore Orioles** just won't stop cluttering up the first division. After they lost four in a row for the first time this season and dropped nearly into fifth place it seemed odder had

STARS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
THE BEST PITCHERS		
Games won	Wynn Del 13-5	Face Phil 12-0
Complete games	Forrest Wash 10	Roberson Mil 11-1
Runs per game	Score Cin 5.84	Conley Phil 7.22
Walks per game	Larry Del 1.66	Burdette Mil 1.28
Strike outs per game	Forrest Wash 7.71	Kilbreath Wash 7.71
Runs per game	Wheeler Balt 7.11	Face Phil 6.82
THE BEST HITTIERS		
Percentage	Rizzo Del 359	Amos Mil 373
Runs scored	Kilbreath Wash 27	Mathews Mil 25
	Cliff StL 211	Adams Mil 19
	Kilbreath Wash 28	Amos Mil 25
	Score Cin 57	Kilbreath Wash 18
	Wheeler Balt 57	Mathews Mil 43
THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME		
Most runs	Cleveland 4-0	Cincinnati 5-0
Fastest avg. runs	New York 4-05	San Francisco 4-04
Most hits	New York 5-79	St. Louis 5-68
Fastest avg. hits	Cleveland 7-50	Chicago 8-46
Most RBIs	Washington 1-23	Minnesota 1-25
Fastest avg. RBIs	Baltimore 0-87	Minneapolis 0-86

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting	Runs	Pitching
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Cliff Pappas	296	Coleville	24
Ch. Fox	329	Lofert	12
Balt. Wadling	377	Tronides	19
NY Marlin	352	Muscle	18
Del. Koonen	359	Manwell	19
Wash. Throckmeyer	296	Kilbreath	23
KC. Mann	257	Mann	10
Bos. Farnsworth	338	Jennett	17
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Lewis	339	Coydell	17
ML. Amos	373	Mathews	25
LA. Salsano	348	Overholt	36
Phil. Stuart	311	Stewart	16
Ch. Taylor	363	Arms	22
St. Louis	348	Born	16
Ch. Temple	326	Robinson	17
Phil. Boucher	305	Cliff	10

Based on statistics through September 1, 1954.

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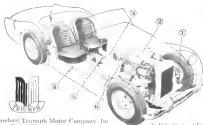
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COMING EVENTS

July 10 to July 16

All Times are E D T

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Friday, July 10

BOXING

★ Jordan vs. Meyer, welter title bout, TV only, Portland, Ore., 10 p.m. (NBC)

HORSE RACING (continues)

11th Cup, \$25,000, Garden, N.Y. Long Ballroom, \$10,000, Baltimore.

HORSE SHOW

Santa Barbara National, Santa Barbara, Calif. (through July 15)

SWIMMING

U.S. Olympic, Los Altos, Calif. (through July 12)

Saturday, July 11

AUTO RACING

Natl. SCCA race, Aurora, Colo. (also July 12)

BASEBALL

★ San Francisco at Cincinnati, 2:05 p.m. (CBS)

★ New York at Boston, 7:05 p.m. (NBC)

★ Kansas City at Chicago, 8:20 p.m. (Mutual)

HORSE RACING

Hollywood Gold Cup, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

The Oaks, \$50,000, Delmar Park, Del.

★ Saratoga Handicap, \$20,000, Belmont Park, New York (CBS)

Sunday, July 12

BASEBALL

★ New York at Boston, 1:05 p.m. (NBC)

★ Detroit at Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (CBS)

★ San Francisco at Milwaukee, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING

Marblehead-Halliday seven-man, Marblehead, Mass.

HORSE SHOW

Lexington, Ky. Junior League show (through July 16)

SWIMMING

U.S. Men's and Women's Flatiron Diving championships, San Francisco

Monday, July 13

GOLF

PGA Amateur Public Links champs, Devon (through July 18)

TENNIS

U.S.L.T.A. Clay Court champs, Chicago (through July 19)

Kansas State Clay Court champs, David Hill, Pa. (through July 18)

Eastern Clay Court champs, women, Andover-Hudson, N.Y. (through July 18)

Woburn State Women's Clay Court champs, Philadelphia (through July 19)

Tuesday, July 14

BASEBALL

★ Milwaukee at Chicago, 8:30 p.m. (Mutual)

ROdeo

The Snake River Stampede, \$10,025, Nampa, Idaho

Wednesday, July 15

BASEBALL

★ Cleveland at New York, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual)

Thursday, July 16

BASEBALL

★ Cleveland at New York, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual)

GOLF

Interstate City Open, \$25,000, Westchester, Conn. (through July 19)

LPGA Amateur International Open, \$12,500, Alhambra, Ohio (through July 19)

HORSE RACING

Vandy Handicap, \$50,000, Hollywood Park, Calif. (Mutual)

The Cane-pave, \$70,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

SWIMMING

U.S. Women's champs, Redding, Calif. (through July 18)

WATER POLO

U.S. Olympic champs, Los Angeles (through July 18)

★ Net. Local listing



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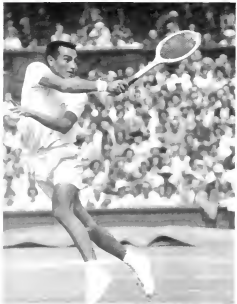
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MARIA BUENO OF BRAZIL ENDED U.S. WOMEN'S MONOPOLY



ALEX OLMEDEO OF PERU ENDED AUSSIE MEN'S MONOPOLY

INVADERS

LATINOS AT WIMBLEDON

by JOHN METCALF

EMPIRES may crumble, sterling may sag, dark-eyed Latin Americans may triumph over trustworthy Anglo-Saxons, but Wimbledon, a tight little, right little suburb 40 minutes southwest from Piccadilly Circus, remains the regally confident headquarters of world amateur tennis.

For half a century now Wimbledon has been one of a quartet of sporting events that are fixtures of the London season: the others are Royal Ascot, the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's and the Henley Regatta. Of these, Wimbledon is the most stolidly middle class. The hats aren't as smart as they are at Ascot, the girlish laughter isn't as Kensington-shrill as it is at Henley; and while the royal box is still peopled by Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, Viscount Montgomery and such, the stands are packed each day with worthy citizens from a thousand suburban tennis clubs—enthusiastic, knowledgeable, fair.

Nineteen fifty-nine hasn't been a particularly sensational year for them or for anyone except South Americans. Alex Olmedo, seeded No. 1, never looked seriously in trouble. The other seeds played patchily, with the exception of a much improved Barry MacKay, who had a great semifinal with Australian Rod Laver (the best singles in the tournament) which was won by Laver's stamina and dogged retrieving 11-13, 11-9, 10-8, 7-9, 6-3. Gardnar Mulloy, gray-haired and cantankerous, had the most popular win when he spotted the brilliant, brash, young Earl Buchholz 26 years and then gave him a tennis lesson (6-4, 7-5, 6-4), only to lose to the Frenchman, Jean-Claude Molinari, in the fourth round.

In the final the bandy, carrot-topped Laver was no match for the impassive Peruvian, Olmedo, who had dropped sets to Krishnan of India and Ayala of Chile on his way through, lounged elegantly past him in 70 minutes 6-4, 6-3, 6-4. He broke Laver's service twice in the first six games to lead at 3-1; and although Laver broke back to make it 5-4, Olmedo had only to raise his game a notch to hold his service at love with two unforgettable volleys and take the first set in 20 minutes. Thereafter Laver, though plucky, never showed any signs of shaking the precise Peruvian. Olmedo moves with the liteness of a big cat; he never seems to hurry, and the casual cleanness of his winning shots made him look unbeatable throughout the tournament.

The pity is that there's been no one to extend him. Only with Krishnan (who had beaten him in the pre-Wimbledon warm-up at Queen's Club) did he look even

continued

FROM BELOW THE EQUATOR



SINGED BY HAPPY FANS, GARY PLAYER, YOUNGEST EVER TO WIN BRITISH OPEN, GIVES CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY ECSTATIC HUG

SOUTH AFRICANS AT MUIRFIELD

by HENRY LONGHURST

THE NEW British Open champion is one with whom the professionals in the U.S. as well as Britain may have to reckon for as many as 20 years to come. At 23, Gary Player, of the romantically named Killarney Club in South Africa, is the youngest player to win the British title since it became a 72-hole event some 68 years ago and also, incidentally, the only man in history to match Ben Hogan's 1933 achievement of winning with four rounds each of which was lower than the one before. Hogan at Carnoustie had 73, 71, 70, 68—282; Player at Muirfield had 73, 71, 70, 68—284.

When Player went on the first of the five world tours which he has already crammed into his short career, it was clear even to a moderate club golfer that his flat-as-a-pancake backswing could do him no permanent good.

He was much helped along the path toward orthodoxy by Hogan and declares that in achieving it he practised as hard as the great man himself. It seems to be the ambition of all professional golfers eventually to own a farm. Aided by his second prize in last year's U.S. Open, young Player has his already—with 10 cows, 20 sheep and 3,000 chickens.

Color was lent to the qualifying rounds by two gentlemen named "Papwa" Sewanker Sewgolum and Edward Johnson-Sedibe, both from South Africa. Edward, a Negro of cheerful disposition, arrived on the eve of the championship, privately, if tardily, sponsored, borrowed a set of clubs, took 88 and declared that he liked the country so much that he intended to stay for two years especially if someone would give him a ride back to London. Papwa, an Indian from Durban, proved to be of more serious stuff. Like so many South African caddies he can beat the best amateurs in his club and, like Sam Snead, he reckons to play his best in bare feet. He

continued

momentarily uncomfortable. But after dropping the second set 6-3, Olmedo, with the ease of a real champion, lifted the pace at the vital stage and never looked worried in the next two sets.

Just how good Olmedo is, it's hard to say, because we haven't seen him yet under real pressure. Both Neale Fraser of Australia and Barry MacKay might have given him a better run, but they were seeded in the other half of the draw. Some people are saying that he's the best since Kramer; but Hoad would have taken him close three years ago and would eat him alive today.

With Christine Truman and Angela Mortimer seeded one and two, Britain had great hopes of taking the women's singles for the first time since 1937. But the big 19-year-old Christine, completely out of touch and as nervous as a hunky kitten, was thrashed by an unseeded Mexican, Yola Ramirez, in the fourth round; and Miss Mortimer was worn down by Sandra Reynolds of South Africa in a baseline quarter-final.

Brazil's Maria Bueno, seeded six, a

slender, dark girl, met blonde, chunky Darlene Hard of Montebello, Calif., seeded four, in the final on a gruelingly hot day. Bueno's service pace and crisp volleying swept an off-form Miss Hard aside 6-4, 6-3, and she burst into tears as she made the winning shot. She deserved her title. But she's not in the same class as a Giltson or a Connolly or a Marble.

The men's doubles were an all-Australian wrangle, with Emerson and Fraser, seeded one, having to take quite a little thought in a mainly undistinguished marathon final to dispose of the indefatigable Laver and his partner, Bob Mark, in four sets 8-6, 6-4, 14-16, 9-7. It was a dour match of few service breaks, few long rallies—the modern pattern of Australian tennis, scientific but unexciting.

Christine Truman was still below her best in the final of the women's doubles, and although she and neat little Beverly Fleitz took the first set from Darlene Hard and Jeanne Arth at 6-2, they lost their grip in the second and, with Miss Hard more and more in command, went down 2-6, 3-6.

A cloud no bigger than a mouse's hand made a brief appearance over the 1959 Wimbledon. Male Comrades

Potantin and Lejus and Female Comrade Dimitrieva marched briskly onto court in the first round and departed with equal briskness and fine national solidarity in straight sets, the three of them winning 25 games among them. But this, let's be clear, was no more than light reconnaissance. They look to have a firm grounding in the game, and money was changing hands at only 3 to 1, among newspapermen with reasonable life expectations, against an American-Russian final within 10 years.

But in 10 years' time will the shape of Wimbledon have changed? Olmedo, it's said, like most champions these days, will be turning professional pretty soon. Can the amateur game go on taking the continual drain of its best players that the increasing strength of the Kramer circus means? As Wimbledon closed, the British Lawn Tennis Association was considering a proposal put forward from the International Federation by Jean Borotra, the Bounding Basque of the '20s (and still a competitor this year on the outer courts), for an open championship. How far it would get was anyone's bet. One thing was plain, though: the Wimbledon cham-

MURFIELD *continued*

holds the club with his left hand below his right and in the first qualifying round went round in 71 in a down-pour. So much for those of us who write books on how to play golf!

With so much money at stake at home, the leading American professionals no longer venture across the Atlantic as Hagen and Sarazen did

in the golden age of golf. Much as we may regret it in Britain, we can hardly blame them, yet I venture to believe that they lose something by not coming at least once, and that even Hogan felt that the British Open added a sense of completeness to his career. This year the American element was represented mainly by Willie Goggin, who had won the world senior professional championship, and

Robert Sweeney Jr., winner of the British Amateur in 1937 and so nearly of the U.S. Amateur in 1954.

Four years ago Raymond Oppenheimer was appointed chairman of a committee formed to seek out and encourage amateur golfing talent in Britain. Though his team did not succeed in beating the new and youthful talent discovered by the U.S. for the Walker Cup, the four leading



BIZARRE CROSS-HANDED SWING USED BY SOUTH AFRICA'S SEWGOLUM (ABOVE) PRODUCED A QUALIFYING ROUND OF 71

pionship, once the world title, is now, in terms of playing ability, only a second best. Olmedo wouldn't be able to live with the top professionals, and this is something the tennis-going public is increasingly aware of. The problem seems no longer to be involved so much in by-gone-air stuffiness. The main difficulty lies rather in a straightforward matter of cash. It's the money from Wimbledon, where more than 200,000 tickets are sold in the 12 days of the tournament, that keeps the little clubs going, allows the LTA to develop talent, generally feeds the game in Britain its essential vitamins. Kramer, Gonzales, Hoad and company don't play for nothing. And if they asked for the denominations of banknotes that they're used to, what would be left over for all the LTA's needs? It's possible, of course, that an invitation open might be staged in addition to the amateur championship. A deal of hard thinking's going on just now. It's time, most sensible people feel, that the untidiness of world tennis was tidied up.

END



JUNIOR TITLE went to Russian Tomas Lesch, who was eliminated in main event.

members of it proved in the Open that amateurs are once again a force to be reckoned with in Britain. Reid Jack set a Muirfield amateur record with 68 and drew within two strokes of the leaders with one round to go and finished equal fourth with 288. Michael Bonallack was two strokes more, while Guy Wolstenholme after a weak first round had 70, 73, 70, raising the biggest cheer of the championship by holing his final stroke with a two-iron from upward of 200 yards—possibly the longest stroke ever holed in an Open on either side of the Atlantic. Such scoring lends hope that the British may yet give a good account of themselves in a Walker Cup match.

There was even a certain amateurishness among the professionals. Leading after three rounds, with Player still four shots behind, were Sam King and Fred Bullock King, who played against the U.S. in the Ryder Cup match before and after the war, is now, at 48, more of a farmer than a golfer and is affected by the prospect of a two-foot putt rather like a sufferer from vertigo looking down

from the Empire State Building. Bullock runs the driving range which American visitors may have noticed at Prestwick Airport, the lengthening of whose runways put his golf course out of business.

In the end Player, who had declared that in order to catch up he would "do a 66 or burst," needed, incredibly enough in the high wind, only a 1 to do it. He hooked into a bunker, played out safe and ended in complete anticlimax with a limp six-iron and three putts. However, 68 was a wonderful round and his only punishment was an uncomfortable hour and a half's wait in the clubhouse. At last, only Flory Van Donek of Belgium, and Bullock could catch him. Each needed a 3 at the 427-yard home hole. Each took 5.

One incident in the championship will be of interest to those in America who, like your correspondent, think that the *Rules of Golf* verge upon lunacy and that the 90-odd pages of them could well be compressed onto the back of a scorecard. In the second qualifying round a young Glasgow University student, Raymond

Munro, holed Muirfield in 69, the best round of his life. His partner, having omitted his score at one hole by mistake, inserted his homeward score of 35 in the space for the 18th. Munro, having indisputably gone around in 69, was disqualified.

For similar oversights in card-making Mrs. Jackie Pung was disqualified after indisputably winning the U.S. Women's Open a misfortune which so touched the members of the Winged Foot Club and others that they opened a private subscription for her. Peter Thomson was disqualified from the Masters, while in another event in America, a competitor whose last-nine 39 was inserted in the space for the 18th solemnly got them added to his score, which became, I think, 128.

Golf is made for golfers, not golfers for golf. Is this sort of thing what golfers really want? Did Mrs. Pung's fellow competitors, when she had fairly beaten them, really want her disqualified for an error of clerking? They say in the legal world that "the law is an ass." They ought to see the *Rules of Golf!*

END

Poolside Kisses for Ambitious Misses

A determined crop of girl swimmers with an eye on the Olympics will compete at Redding, Calif. next week in the national championships

NINETEEN-SIXTY A.D. looks, at this moment, to be a year of destiny for the attractive young ladies you will find at work and fun on the following four pages. They are among the handful of teen-agers who hope to be in Rome next August with one undeviating purpose in mind: to end the Australian domination of international swimming—women's swimming, that is.

Championship swimming is one of those sports that jealously refuses to share the waking hours of its practitioners with any but the most essential activities. Life in a nunnery would seem almost prodigal by comparison. The mother of 16-year-old Sylvia Rauska, the best of the U.S. distance swimmers, explains: "Our girl trains in the summer three times a day—from 7 to 8 in the morning at the YMCA here (in Berkeley, Calif.), then from 11:30 to one at the Navy's 50-meter Treasure Island pool and again from 4:30 to 6 at Treasure Island. To meet that schedule, plus sleeping and eating, everything else must be secondary."

So it is not difficult to understand why only the very young will make the sacrifice. Although the girls like to talk about boys and clothes as well as swimming, they know that the idle pleasures must await their more mature years.

The beauty salon's loss is swimming's gain. "I got a pixie haircut," says Molly Botkin, who will be defending her 200-meter freestyle championship at next week's AAU outdoor championship in Redding, Calif., where other young ladies featured in the following pictures will also be present. What she means to say, she explains, is that her coiffure looks like the work of a hung-over barber. But what can a girl do who has to swim hours on end without a bathing cap?

Major clues to U.S. swimming hopes at Rome will be offered at Redding and next month's Pan American Games in Chicago. As results unfold and Australian anxieties mount, there will be exuberance aplenty—as on the opposite page—for these girls are little more than children despite their very adult performances.

Hugs and kisses are normal aftermath of victory in girls' swimming, as Becky Collins demonstrates following her splashing success in the 200-yard butterfly. Mom (beaching) and Dad (with clipboard) wait to offer their hugs next. Becky ignores profound enthusiasm to share her thrilling win.





Outdoors at the senior AAU indoor championships at West Palm Beach (above), some leading girl freestylers strike out in the 500-yard heat. (It is not unusual for indoor championships to be held outdoors if proper requirements for water temperature and pool length are met.) At right; butterfly titleholder Sylvia Ruzicka's hair parts at the peak of a flawless glide.





Beneath boughs of big Florida banyan tree yellow Santa Clara logs stand out. Cynthia Stracek limbers legs of Jeannie Wilson as Hungarian swimmer Susie Ordegh (*lurkers*) watches.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Conviction No. 1

WHILE the championship fight in Yankee Stadium the other night was illuminating once more the eternal verities of the well-timed left jab and straight right (see pages 34-39), another demonstration of great importance to boxing, though a much less remarked one, was going forward a few miles south of the Stadium in New York's Court of General Sessions. There, a racketeer named Gabe Genovese, 64, a longtime pal of Frankie Carbo, received trial by jury.

The charge against the small, rumpled man in the tinted glasses had a dry, almost innocuous sound: that Genovese had been the "undercover manager" in two 1956 fights of a lightweight named Ludwig Lightburn and had pocketed a rake-off of \$4,056. By the time the trial was over, the jury had a much clearer idea of an undercover manager and the term had lost its innocuous sound. Instead it carried the real-life business menace that an old generation of moviegoers and a new one of TV rerun watchers has come to recognize, when the man says (and he has friends with guns and blackjacks), "Take me into partnership or else."

The jury found Gabe Genovese guilty of forcing himself into a manager partnership with the lightweight fighter, and the trial might have marched on quickly to the judge's sentence and its end. But before the sentencing, the assistant D.A., John G. Bonomi, received the court's permission to broaden the sketch that jury and public had already received of Racketeer Genovese.

"The fact is," said the assistant D.A., "that this man Genovese has exercised an evil and degrading influence on professional boxing for over two decades." It began in the 1930s, said Bonomi, when Genovese

joined forces with Frankie Carbo, and has continued almost up to the present moment. Not only had Genovese received \$4,056 from the regularly licensed manager of Ludwig Lightburn, but a new investigation showed—and Bonomi's words deserved far more than the slight attention they got in the press next day—that Genovese "collected \$10,000 from Norman Rothchild, an upstate fight promoter, to stage the Carmen Basilio-Johnny Saxton welterweight championship match held on September 12, 1956 in Syracuse."

"Joe Netro and John DeJohn, the licensed co-managers of former welterweight and middleweight champion Carmen Basilio, stated to me that they paid Genovese \$7,000 from the managers' share of Basilio's purses in 1956. During that year Herman Wallman, also known as Hymie Wallman, gave Genovese \$1,500 from the earnings of Charlie Cotton, a prominent middleweight."

"In 1957 Netro and DeJohn shelled out \$20,000 to Genovese from Basilio's earnings and Wallman contributed \$640 from a Cotton purse."

"In the past year, Basilio's co-managers, according to their own statements, gave Genovese \$24,000. That makes a grand total of \$67,196 to Genovese in ring plunder during the past three years. It is of little consequence whether the defendant Genovese received the money as his share of the spoils or whether he acted as a bag man or collection agent for another [e.g., Carbo]. . . ."

"It is my considered opinion that there is some hope of converting boxing from a racket into a sport if a prison sentence is imposed."

Judge John A. Mullen imposed the severest sentence within his reach—two years. Next step for the district attorney's office: completing the extradition of Frankie Carbo, now held without bail in New Jersey, for a trial of his own.

Bottoms Up

THIS is a true fable about three vacationing window washers from Dallas who went to Colorado to skin-dive for gold the other day and

continued

They Said It

ROCKY MARCIANO, retired undefeated heavyweight champion, when asked whether he was thinking of a comeback: "One thing I love, it's a fight. But the first thing I have to do is lose some weight. You can't say it's a comeback until then. But I've been thinking of fighting again for a long time. There's more to it than just money. The thing of making it back. Nobody ever did before. I could be the only one. It means something."

MRS. ROCKY MARCIANO, when asked whether she approved: "NO!"

FRANK LARY, Detroit Tiger pitcher, reacting to the news that Casey Stengel had left him off the All-Star team (despite a 9-4 record): "I don't want revenge against the Yankees. I'd just like to skin that old guy's head."

CASEY STENGEL, on his life and hard times: "If you're playing ball and thinking about vengaging, you're crazy. You'd be better off thinking about being an owner. It's safer."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

found, instead, the bottom of a bottomless lake.

When the window washers discovered that Colorado streams are too shallow for diving they decided to poke around Missouri Lake, a privately owned body of water billed as "The Bottomless Crater Lake," to see what they could find.

They found, at a depth of about 90 feet, an old ore bucket, a tire rim from a model T Ford, something



they believe is a rusty rod from an experimental submarine which was launched (and sank) around 1898, and trouble.

The trouble came from the bottomless lake's owner who telephoned his caretaker to get the window washers out of his water. "All he said," said one, "was that we would make trouble for everybody, and we still don't know why."

The window washers are well out of their depth, for the moral is passably clear: don't get to the bottom of a thing if it isn't supposed to be there.

Out of a Seemingly Tunnel

Dear Floyd, wrote Archie Moore, perhaps the most durable of all boxers, from Montreal, where he is preparing for yet another fight, *the first bout is over; I know how you must feel. I hope you don't continue to feel bad. The same thing has happened to many great fighters. . . . Of course I hated to lose to you, and fate decreed it that way. Fate does strange-seeming things. If you are a believer in things that happen for the best, listen to this and you can find your way out of a seemingly tunnel. . . .*

Floyd Patterson sat beneath an awning on the terrace of his home in Rockville Centre, N.Y. wearing the familiar T shirt with the mythical prizefighter's city of EVERLAST, N.Y.

printed across its front. He had interrupted a game of knock rummy to feed his three-month-old daughter, Trina, who now regarded him from his lap, but his mind was concerned with the wisdom of Old Arch which the postman had just delivered.

"Do you believe what Archie says about fate?" a visitor asked.

"I'm not superstitious," Floyd said. "If a witch flew around my house twice in the day and once in the night, it doesn't mean I'll win a fight. I told you that I didn't dream about fighting Johansson before the fight. I meant to tell you I dreamed of it afterward; not the night after the fight but the next one. I don't know what happened, only I was fighting, fighting, fighting and people were yelling and yelling. Then I remembered hearing the referee say, '... and still champion,' and he mentioned my name. The dream was so real. I'm still champion, another victory I was thinking as I lay there in the dark, and then I looked around and there wasn't any championship in the room. And after a while I felt the cotton in my ear." The cotton, Floyd explained, was there because his eardrum had been cut during the real fight in Yankee Stadium.

"A tunnel," Floyd said musingly, "it was something like a tunnel until today. Things seemed dark. I've only gone out of the house twice in a week—to see the ear doctor and to go to a drive-in. I've just been hanging around watching TV, working in the basement. You know, just because you lose one thing, doesn't mean you have to neglect others; I've started to spend time with my family again. I hadn't spent any time with them for a long time. The night I came home I wasn't saying anything, just lying down, looking up. Jeannie [his 3-year-old daughter whose formal name is Seneca]—she's too young to know I'm a fighter—she looked at me and ran to her mother. 'Daddy's sick,' she said. 'Daddy's sick.'"

First, Archie Moore's letter continued, *Johansson was not so great. You fought a stupid battle. Look at the film. Evaluate it. Never once did you lead with a jab. All you did was*

more your feet and try to leap toward him. Now, this was not like London. He could bang a little. . . . You gave absolutely no respect to your opponent. . . .

"Any time you lose," said Floyd, "you fought a stupid battle. I didn't think I fought a smart fight. I was trying to make him trade, throw a flurry. Then I'd throw a flurry with him. But I couldn't catch him. He was gone. As the fight progressed I was waiting for the people to boo. But the people never booed. I could have stepped back when he was flicking a left jab, but most of them didn't land and the others, I couldn't even feel them. And I was imagining how furious the people who paid \$100 would have been."

"I had no plan. I wasn't even about to put a plan into effect. It's the first time I ever fought without a plan. And I couldn't create one. I just wanted to go out and get him and, in turn, he got me. I just wanted him to slug. I had pictured him coming right out and displaying his right, but he didn't and so I forgot completely about it. After what I read in the papers about his training, maybe he didn't have a right. I tried to have respect for him. I tried to respect him, but sometimes you just can't. I tried but I couldn't. I never saw a man go so far back, get out of the way so fast."

"Have you seen the films?" the visitor asked.

"No. I know what happened," Floyd laughed. "I don't want to see myself roaming all over the canvas six or seven times. But I do want to see exactly what happened with that first right hand. I didn't see it. I'll look at the films up at camp. Somebody told me to watch that right hand very carefully, and I'll see why I didn't see it—the referee threw it." And Floyd laughed again and wiped Trina's mouth.

"You know," he said, "this is the first time I talked and laughed and joked about it. That's the idea I wanted to have had about it but I failed before. Whenever I thought about it before—mostly when I was alone—I'd try to take my mind off it.

"I remember being down five times. Two times I don't remember. They tell me I was walking towards Johansson's corner after the first knock-down. I remember therefore counting seven, eight. . . . I must have had my eyes open, for they tell me I was pulling myself up by the ropes, so I must have seen them to know they were there. Seen or saw? My goodness, which is it? Anyway, I vaguely remember walking, and then I remember something knocking on the back of my head [see page 39]. I knew a punch came from someplace, but I didn't know where it could have come from. For a minute I thought he had climbed out of the ring, come all the way around on the outside, jumped in again and hit me.

"Sandra," Floyd called to his wife, "I can't make her eat the rest of her food."

If he had been the bawdy the press said he was, Archie Moore's letter concluded, he should have put you away with the left hook he hit you with with your back turned [see page 38]. Well, if you concentrate on your job and were around this guy you will be the only first one to regain the crown. You can do it.

Your friend.

Archie Moore.

Floyd had been given a jeweled crown by his manager and several of his friends. The crown rested on a base which has five gold plaques, one for each of his championship fights, and provides room for others. The base still sits on the mantelpiece in Floyd's living room, but the crown is no longer there.

"I can't have it up there if I'm not the champion," Floyd explained. "Maybe in September it'll get back.

"You know," he said, shifting the baby in his lap, "it's not that I thought I couldn't be beaten. There's always a man that can be beaten. I'll do things different next time, but I won't change my style. If I change my style I might beat him, but I won't beat no one else. That's the style that won the title. I'm no less the person I was as far as myself is concerned, but I don't feel like the same person without the crown."



"Don't fire until I say so, Senator. I'm sure these gentlemen mean to share the honey, just as they promised to."

Hold Your Fire

It was sugar in the gourd and honey in the horn for big league baseball last week as over-all attendance figures of midseason 1959 climbed comfortably above the figures for 1958 which in turn were above those of 1957.

Of course, those whose hobby it is to insist that baseball is a moribund sport about ready for complete extinction had their explanations handy. Last year, they said, the rise was due to a sudden spurt of curiosity on the baseball-naive West Coast. This year, with West Coast attendance down, the explanation lies in the close pennant races in both leagues. Just a fluke, say the gloombergs, the whole thing will blow over in no time. . . .

Meanwhile, foolishly suspecting that the reason lay in the fact that people like to watch baseball, those whose business it is to harvest the honey were licking their lips in anticipation of even bigger yields to come.

Riding high on the wave of expansionism was New Yorker Bill Shea, whose projected Third League seemed to have grown almost overnight from a gawky, impossible brainchild to a glamorous and attractive near reality. Though official formal approval of the Third League by organized baseball as it presently exists is still to come, there seems at this point no real reason to believe that the major league owners will turn their thumbs down on it. To avert that dire possibility, however, Senator Estes Kefauver, whose pending legislation to limit

continued

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the contractual power of big league ball clubs is a loaded gun pointed straight at the heart of rich teams like the New York Yankees, last week offered to load his bill in favor of a third league, but Shea would have none of it.

Fearing that a blast from the Senator's gun might well turn the succulent honeypot into a swarm of angry bees, Shea asked the Keef to hold his fire, or at least suspend further hearings on any bill until the major leagues give him their word—one way or the other.

Shea has little doubt himself that that word will be favorable. "I believe," said Shea, referring to the clubowners' definite if lukewarm signal of approval of his plans in Ohio this spring, "that baseball made an honest statement at Columbus."

English Accent

FACED with the appalling problem of paying off on a horse named Tywydd Teg, second in the Royal Windsor Stakes, bookies at Royal Ascot decided on the correct pronunciation: Tick Tack.

Midsummer Madness

IN venerable Royal Albert Hall in London summer concerts were inaugurated with something called *Midsummer Madness*, featuring a new composition known as *The Wilbans Tell Goes to Hell Overture*, and a special number, *Auto Accident*, which involved 26 percussion instruments and sheets of plate glass to be broken in buckets. And so it goes, apparently, over much of the globe: In Redwood City, Calif. an inventive golfer named Karsten Solheim has placed on the market a musical putter to retail for \$17.50. When the ball is correctly struck, the putter, which has a hollow head of high-tensile manganese bronze, gives off a pleasant, bell-like note; if the ball is struck off center there is only a dull thud. In New Zealand a 29-year-old salesman named Cliff Lawrenson fastened on a pair of skis in the high mountain ranges, lost his balance and, to his horror and that of observers, skidded

over a 500-foot cliff. He was uninjured except for bruises and a cracked rib. Said the local papers: he was a novice. In the Holy Land, the salt-soupy Dead Sea, never crossed by swimmers, was conquered by two American foreign service officers, Jack Griffin and Bill Johnson. These stalwarts swam at night (since day temperatures reach well above 100°), crossed from west to east and covered the nine miles of hot brine in seven hours.

All these strange items, popping sporadically into the news, were plainly building up to some eerie climax, to something unbelievable and truly surrealistic. Last week it arrived, at Wrigley Field in Chicago, to the second baseman of the Cubs. With a base runner dashing in on a steal, Tony Taylor looked up to see two baseballs coming his way—yes, two baseballs, as if in test of some crackpot statistician's theory that it should be twice as easy to get the runner out with two.

One baseball sailed over Tony's head into center field—and the base stealer, no less a sharp-wit than Stan Musial of the Cardinals, watched the ball sail by as he slid into second base. Naturally, he picked himself up, grinning happily, and headed for third. Barely on the way, he was tagged out with the other ball. This one, thrown low, had been scooped

up on the bounce by Shortstop Ernie Banks while Stan the Man was looking the other way.

What had happened (if so ordinary a word can be used) was that Stan Musial had drawn a base on balls after a fourth ball, inside, bounced back toward the screen. But to Cub Catcher Sammy Taylor, it had not been a ball but a foul tip; he planted himself before Umpire Vic Delmore and so argued. Pitcher Bobby Anderson left the mound to join the discussion. Shaking his head, Umpire Delmore reached into his pocket, absent-mindedly brought forth a fresh ball and handed it to the pitcher.

But what was Third Baseman Alvin Dark doing? Why, he was charging in to get the ball that had gone toward the screen—which he managed to do with an absent-minded assist from the bat boy.

And what was Stan Musial doing? Well, he was dashing for second.

So it befell that, in the space of a heart-skip, Pitcher Anderson and Third Baseman Dark threw to second, and Second Baseman Tony Taylor had his vision of wonder.

Ernie Banks got the putout, Alvin Dark was credited with an assist (his was the ball still legally in play, even if the bat boy had touched it) and nobody was charged with an error. The whole libretto is recommended for next year's *Midsummer Madness* concert series.

Cincinnati Hit Parade

EVERY TIME a Cincinnati Red hits a home run in Crosley Stadium, it is the responsibility of the club's official organist to play a tune as nearly appropriate as possible. He plays, for example, *Here Comes Peter Cottontail* for Pete Whisenant, *Jingle Bells* for Gus Bell and *Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home* for Ed Bailey. Since the season opened, however, he has been stuck for something even remotely appropriate to Center Fielder Vada Pinson. The other day, after weeks of indecision, Organist Ronnie Dale announced his choice. Hereafter, whenever Pinson rounds the bases, he can jog along to *Show Me the Vada Go Home*. **END**



Shore Thing

I like a bathing beauty,
Though water I abhor;
So now and then a cutie
Seems well worth wading for.
—HARVEY L. CARTER



At Dinter Key, near Miami, Mr. Scott interrupts a brief vacation to pose for a picture with his Lincoln. Here in Florida, as in every other marine vacation area, his company's famous Evinrude and Johnson outboard motors enjoy somewhat popularity among power boat owners.

"I have a keen interest in this business of
pleasurable travel. And Lincoln excels at it,"

*says William C. Scott, president of
Outboard Marine Corporation — world's largest
producers of outboard marine motors.*



Mr. Scott is pictured in front of the Outboard Marine Corporation office building. This handsome new structure reflects his corporation's dynamic growth in recent years—from sales of 27 million dollars in 1947 to almost 160 million dollars in 1958.

William Scott is not only a specialist in pleasurable ways to travel—he also has a discerning eye for design excellence, for precision workmanship and meticulous attention to detail. And, as a highly successful business leader, he is not unaccustomed to the finest automobiles.

Knowing this, we are especially pleased that he chose Lincoln. The graceful distinction of Lincoln's uncluttered lines first attracted him. And once behind the wheel, he discovered a magnificent handling quality, a silken-smooth obedience to his slightest touch.

Moreover, inherent in Lincoln's superb design are exceptionally wide door frames for easy entrance and exit. You sit in seats that are wider, too, and the height of a comfortable armchair. You are surrounded by specially loomed and tufted fabrics, hand-cut leathers, resplendent coachwork.

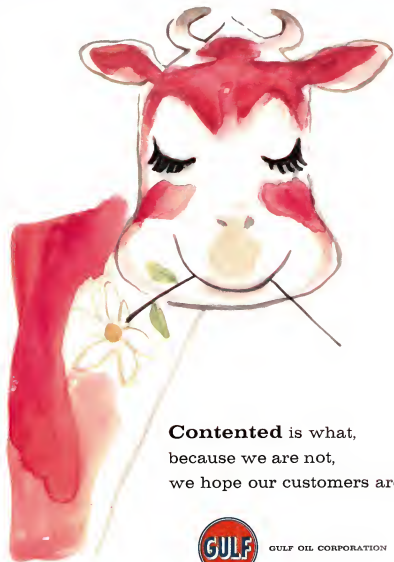
If you appreciate an uncommon dedication to both comfort and craftsmanship, you may well decide that this is the year to change to Lincoln.



Lincoln

Classic beauty...unexcelled craftsmanship

LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Contented is what,
because we are not,
we hope our customers are.



GULF OIL CORPORATION



HALFWAY

HOLIDAY

IN A DURABLE old gag about the workaday world a visitor to a crowded office asks the boss, "How many people are working here?" The answer comes promptly and wearily: "About half of them." Last weekend as that office and a million like it closed down for the celebration of summertime's first fine holiday, a statistician surveying the nation's crowded golf courses, waterways, beaches and tennis courts might well have asked, "How many people are enjoying their favorite sports today?" Once again the accurate—if cynical—answer might be, "About half of them."

It is probably statistically safe to say that more Americans were out golfing, swimming, sailing, picnicking, motorboating and playing tennis on this Fourth of July than on any before it, but for every golfer who discovered again the thrill of a

perfect drive there must have been at least one whose putt was ruined by the enfilading bombardment of the boorish foursome pressing from behind. For every fisherman who hooked a blue or a striped, there was one who hooked a water skier; for every racing sailboat skipper who crossed the line on a perfect course at the precise instant the starting gun sounded, there was one whose attempt to round the first windward mark was fatally fouled up by the wash of an outboard hot rodder roaring through the fleet at a blistering 30 knots.

Unreplaced divots cluttered the nation's golf courses, unsubmerged beer cans clogged its waterways, unburned garbage littered its beaches, and everywhere as people tried to enjoy themselves unlearned manners spoiled the fun.

Far be it from us to advocate a

return to the days when sport was restricted to the wealthy few and crusty country-club protocol came close to suffocating relaxed enjoyment, but we do dream happily of a time, now seemingly gone, when a decent consideration for the other guy was an intrinsic part of the fun. The elaborate etiquette of the sporting elite in yacht and country clubs may seem like silly stuff to the golfer who has learned his swing (and not much else) at the driving range on Route 5, or to the sailor who bought his outboard at the city showroom and figures all you got to know is how to steer; but like the common law, the golden rule and the other codes developed by enlightened men anxious to enjoy each other's company with a minimum of friction, they are, in fact, just another variation of good manners—without which nothing is much fun.

LMD

WONDERFUL WORLD
OF SPORT

A QUEEN WATCHES 'THE PLATE'

The Queen's Plate is a Canadian horse race first run 100 years ago in honor of Queen Victoria, who was not greatly amused at the time. Last week nobody at Toronto's Woodbine track watched with keener interest than Victoria's great-great-granddaughter

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman





QUEEN ELIZABETH, whose journey to Canada coincided with the 1959 running of Queen's Plate, gestures, peers, stars with knowing concentration as horses parade to the post at the elegant track. The Queen did not bet, but she studied special morocco-leather program learnedly, showed delight when 3-year-old New Providence, owned by her host, Woodbine President Edward Flunket Taylor (left, directly above), won race's centennial.



ROYAL LANDAU delivers the Queen and Prince Philip as 20,000 Canadians roar their warm acclaim. As rain slanted down, landau made circuit of the track—with Elizabeth dipping her umbrella in the stretch so that all present could see their monarch. Afterward she politely observed Canadian racing is better than much she sees at home.



NORTH CAROLINA'S MARION HAYS AWAITS FORTUNE'S TURN ON THE FOURTH GREEN



WINNER JUDY ELLER OF MIAMI GRIMS

BACHELORS

SHOWN here is a fair (and we do mean fair) sampling of the 50 lovely and loose-jointed lady undergraduates who swarmed from 35 college campuses to a golf course in Chapel Hill, N.C. to compete in the Women's National Collegiate Golf Championship.

Though all of the girls had still to achieve their academic bachelor-

PAT LANGE AND GAIL PAINE SHARE





IN HER BRIGHT REFLECTED GLORY

OF THE ART

hoods, many of those present had already earned an impressive array of degrees in the art of golf. The tournament boasted at least five state champions, two former U.S. amateur winners, a clutch of regional champs and, topping them all, Miami's Judy Eller, who beat Purdue's Julie Hall 3 and 2 in the final 18 to become the new collegiate champ.

MOMENT OF BIRTH BETWEEN SHOTS



Photographs by Leonard Kestler



A BAD LIE MAKES A PRETTY PICTURE WITH AMATEUR CHAMP JOANNE GENDERSON



FOOTWORK was used by Johansson both to stay away from Patterson's combinations and to stay within punching range when time came for him to throw his promised big right. Thus, in the two pictures above, Patterson, in his typical crouch

at left, wants to move in to start one of his famous swift combinations to the body. His left foot is advanced for the charge and his right has lifted to take the next step. But Johansson's fast feet, anticipating him, are already in retreat. In the next

An Analysis in Depth

WHY INGO IS



REAR VIEW of similar maneuver shows Patterson again coming in, his left foot advancing. Once more Johansson anticipates the attack and fades backward at last possible moment. Patterson throws a right hand at Johansson's body, but a slight,

sideways movement by Johansson (above, right) causes Patterson to miss badly. Johansson also made it difficult for the champion by presenting only his left side as a target, thus greatly reducing the punching area that Patterson could work on. Teased





A careful study shows Ingo won the title with much more than his vaunted right hand

by MARTIN KANE

STUDENTS of boxing will, for the next few months, apply themselves to the TelePrompTer-United Artists movie from which most of the photographs on these six pages were taken. The movie, being shown in theaters around the country, contains some valuable lessons. Analysis of it reveals why Ingemar Johansson was able to take the heavyweight championship from so skilled a fighter as Floyd Patterson without ever being in danger himself. Close study shows that, though the right hand provided the climactic moment of the fight, Ingemar was aided by much more. It shows why Ingemar's style, strange though it may look to Americans, is a most adequate answer to Patterson's peekaboo style. For had Patterson been able to deliver his famous combinations Ingemar might not have had a chance to throw his right or might have been so weakened that it would be ineffective. Or, as Manager Cus D'Amato remarked to Patterson between rounds, "He isn't

as easy to hit as he looks, is he?" and as Floyd answered, "He sure isn't."

Patterson, trying for the first two rounds to get within punching range of Johansson, was frustrated by two main considerations: Johansson's speed of foot and his persistent jab. When Patterson finally did, on one occasion, get in tight, he was instantly clinched. Against other elusive fighters Patterson has found it advantageous to try his radical leap and against Johansson he did so twice. But the Swede brushed him off and moved easily away.

To look at the other side of the coin, Patterson's peekaboo defense is not ideal against a straight puncher. Straight punches can be slipped by a sideways movement of the head, and Patterson did slip many jabs. But the slip requires precise timing and so it was a foregone conclusion that at some time during 15 rounds of fighting Patterson would be hit by a straight right. This happened the first time the punch was thrown. (Two previous Johansson rights had been swung and were not straight.) It was not a foregone conclusion that Patterson would be incapacitated by the punch but, as it happened, he was.

TURN PAGE FOR FURTHER ANALYSIS

picture Johansson has moved well away from the champion's threat, and a disgruntled Patterson has to start his maneuvers all over again.

CHAMP



by this perfectly timed retreat, Patterson eventually is forced to try one of his famous leaps, (at far right), a maneuver that is ineffective because Johansson easily brushes off the left glove with his right forearm.





A BARRIER JAB bothered Patterson. He could not get past it. In pictures above Patterson tries desperately to get in close because only at short range can he start one of his multi-punch combinations. Johansson's extended left hand keeps him

away and extended left foot keeps Ingo close enough to throw right whenever opportunity offers. Whether Patterson is upright as at left, or crouched, as at right, he is effectively blocked by a persistent left glove perpetually stuck in his puzzled face.



INGO'S CLINCH, used only in second round, was challenger's ultimate strategy to frustrate Patterson's mighting. As soon as Patterson did, on this occasion, manage to slither past the jab, Ingemar threw his arms around him. Note how his



left arm hugs Patterson tight about chest while his right elbow clutches and immobilizes Patterson's left glove. An instant later Johansson had twisted away and was once more in his protective sideways stance, left foot out, left glove out, ready to retreat.



THE BIG RIGHT (above) scored the first knockdown, the knockdown that told everyone that Johansson was winner and new heavyweight champion. It had been preceded by a left hook which momentarily confused Patterson. As Pat-

terson moved forward, trying to get inside to counter, his head was met by the massive, incredibly fast punch you see above, a punch that drove straight between the upright gloves of the peekahoo defense. Patterson toppled backward for a nine count.

CONTINUED



THE KILLER INSTINCT that Johansson displayed once he had his man in trouble is shown clearly on these pages, both in his suddenly changed facial expression and in the unrelenting nature of his attack. It contrasted with picture of a

winsome, playful lad he had presented in training. As Patterson rose from the first knockdown he was unconscious. He turned drunkenly and wobbled past Johansson with unseeing eyes. Johansson caught him with a left hook (above, left) that contorted



RELENTLESS FINISHER, Johansson gave dazed Patterson no chance to recover. He was driven about ring with a score of lefts and rights, tried gallantly at times to fight back but, stupefied by the first right, never was able even to impede

the incessant attack. The viciousness of the assault reminded spectators in Yankee Stadium of the way Johansson had mercilessly pounded Eddie Machen, then No. 1 challenger, to canvas three times in a single round at Goteborg, Sweden, last



Patterson's features and followed the hook with another right (above, center) to the back of the head. Patterson fell again. He was to fall five times more, and rise four, before Referee Ruby Goldstrin wisely signaled the end of the fight. Once, during

these intervals between knockdowns, Patterson made a weak attempt at a clinch but Johansson shoved him away with his left glove (above, right) and knocked him down once more. By this time blood was gushing from Patterson's nose and mouth.



September. That victory put Johansson into the title-contender spot. This upset made him champion. It ended, at least for 90 days, the championship of Floyd Patterson, and it also ended for a time the contempt in which European heavyweights have

so long been held by Americans. Johansson's victory was, in fact, signaled to the world by previous defeats of American heavyweights Zora Folley and Willie Pastrano at the hands of such English heavyweights as Henry Cooper and Brian London.

A◦ Have a Gimlet made with Rose's Lime Juice

Making the Gimlet: 3 or 4 parts gin or vodka to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve over ice in either an old fashioned or cocktail glass. You'll find Rose's at food stores, package stores and restaurants.



Q◦ What to do when you suddenly
get tired of the same old gin and
vodka drinks?

THE BIG BUSINESS OF A RACE TRACK

Hollywood Park and its general manager, James Stewart, have learned why it is that marketing Thoroughbred contests is a major industry

by WHITNEY TOWER

THIS IS the year for the Californians: for Silver Spoon and Bug Brush; for Tomy Lee and Royal Orbit; for Hilledale and Round Table; for Willie the Shoe. And, on the evening of July 22 when the figures are tabulated at Hollywood Park in Inglewood, this track, which eastern critics once considered merely a hopeless interloper in Thoroughbred racing, will have led all U.S. racing in attendance for eight of the last nine years.

Starting this Saturday with the running of the \$135,000 Gold Cup, Hollywood ends its 20th racing season by distributing \$420,000 in stakes money in a period of only nine racing days. Not only has Hollywood Park managed to lure some of the most powerful racing stables out of the East in the past few years but it has become a shining example of top-drawer race-track management in the U.S. and, for that matter, anywhere in the world.

Nostalgic oldtimers often bemoan the fact that racing has lost a lot of the sporting element which was once such a vital part of its character, but it must be remembered that the millions of dollars passing through the mutual machines each day have turned racing into big business.

To illustrate this point the early 1,900 men and women pictured on the following two pages posed for the first group photograph ever taken at a major track. These people take their orders from a 54-year-old, wavy-gray-haired man named James D. Stewart. Since becoming top man at Hollywood in 1953, he has labored

under an assortment of titles including vice-president, general manager and director of racing. He also served a two-year hitch as the best president the Thoroughbred Racing Association ever had. While the 1,900 employees (plus another 300 whose official duties kept them out of this picture) will always regard Stewart as a pleasant fellow to work for, there is equally sincere admiration for him among top racing executives at other tracks and throughout all the ranks of owners, trainers, jockeys and stable hands. In fact, today James D. Stewart would be an almost unanimous choice as America's leading race-track manager. For he is the personification of the southern California approach to racing, in which the customer comes first and the sport as a whole is viewed as a form of entertainment which a great number of people can gain pleasure from. In the quarter of a century since Santa Anita opened its gates to a skeptical public, enterprising Californians have taken enormous strides. They have made the deluxe routine instead of the exception and have improved the quality of horses, both homebreds and those purchased out of state or abroad. This year California-based horses won both the Kentucky Derby and Preakness; in fact, four of the first six Derby finishers came from there.

The key to the whole southern California approach is that racing has gained the respect—and therefore the support—of the southern California community. Last year, for example, the seven Los Angeles businessmen

who serve on the Hollywood Turf Club Associated Charities, Inc. distributed \$554,615 to local and national charity funds, and the race track is so solidly behind the gesture that they turn over all profits from their entire final week of racing to charity. Hollywood Park's own board of directors, headed by Movie Producer Mervyn LeRoy, contains an impressive list of other business names, among them Terrell C. Drankwater, president of Western Air Lines, and Donald W. Douglas Jr., president of Douglas Aircraft Company.

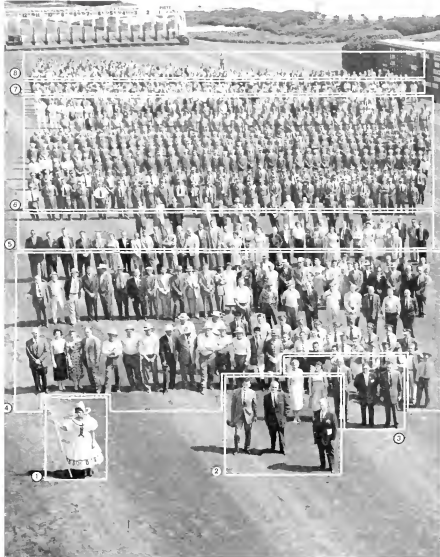
THE FRIENDLY SPIRIT

Jim Stewart's typical working day involves 12 hours of decision-making, public-relations work and far more personal contact with his employees than any other general manager I have ever seen. He starts with a 6 o'clock call at his Palos Verdes ocean-front house. After a half-hour drive to the track, Stewart checks in at the stable area about 7:30. He climbs aboard his 18-year-old gray Thoroughbred, Burley, for a ride through the area and chats with anyone who wants to talk. "One of the most important things about race-track management," said Stewart the other morning as we rode out from the racing secretary's office toward the main track, "is always to remember that public relations begins at home. If you have *esprit de corps* among the people working at a track, that friendly spirit must rub off on the customers."

As Stewart rode around the track, pausing now and then to observe the maintenance crew operating its harrows and water trucks, he spoke some more about his job. "Always keep in mind," he said, "that it takes more than a good plant to make a successful operation. You have to have an attraction and then put it over with a show that maintains a high degree of taste and dignity." Stewart reined up to a walk by the clubhouse to watch a garbage detail at work and then proceeded. "I believe final authority must go to one person because in the end only one person can really be responsible to his board of directors, who in turn have a strong responsibility to the track's shareholders."

Through the rest of the morning Jim Stewart marched briskly along on his rounds, greeting at every turn someone whose name he may not have known but whose job he most

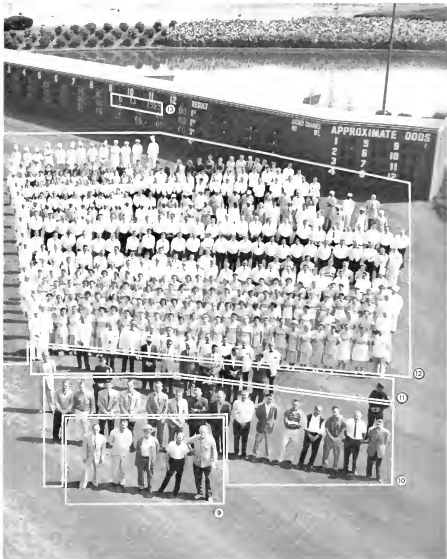
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WHAT IT TAKES TO SELL A \$2 PARI-MUTUEL TICKET

Photographed by Phil Roth

Army of 1,900 Hollywood Park employees lines up on track, showing vast numbers needed to conduct Saturday afternoon program. 1 Goose Girl adds colorful touch while buying herself with 500 geese and swans in infield. 2 Top management, Don Voorhees, Thore Brekke, General Manager James D. Stewart. 3 Executive secretaries and track stewards. 4 Racing



Department: starter, bugler, jockeys, valets, patrol judges, veterinarians, clerk of scales, clockers, morning-line maker, photo-finish camera crew, etc. • Administrative officers: publicists, accountants, personnel director, turf club manager, warehouse manager, coach drivers. • Operations Department: parking lot attendants, ushers, security guards, first aid and

ambulance crew, doctor, admissions sellers. 7 Gardners, maintenance crew and janitors. 8 Mutual Department. 9 Printing crew. 10 American Tote crew. 11 Members of Inglewood police department. 12 Caterers, waitresses, bartenders, busboys, chefs. 13 Mutual Department has fixed lights to indicate date picture was specially taken for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

CONTINUED

certainly did know. First a drop-in at the print shop to make sure a certain program change had been made. Then a look in the wardrobe room, where hundreds of uniforms for ushers and special track police—uniforms paid for by the track and cleaned at the track's expense—were awaiting the day's first morning shift. In the Operations Department Stewart authorized the requisitioning of a new \$8,000 air-conditioning unit, and just down the hall dropped in to see the track's special police officers, including agents of the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau. "We're having trouble," said one agent, "with kids coming in after the seventh race unaccompanied by adults."

"We're also having trouble," interrupted Stewart, "with kids who are already inside with their parents but who break away and annoy others. You better tell the ushers to watch for this, and tonight stick a few extra guards on the gates—even if it means paying them overtime—so we can check this late-crashing stuff."

Also on the morning agenda was a visit to Jack L. Speyer, labor relations director (Hollywood Park employees belong to some 16 different unions and over 40 locals); the ambulance crew (who the very next day retrieved a fallen jock in a near-record 23 seconds); Mutual Manager George Haines to announce the probable terms of a new pension plan for the 750 men who work the track's

machines or act as cashiers and money men; and even a stop in the American Tote Company headquarters to ask why so many people insist on putting their hand over a mutual machine when asking for a ticket—with the result that the ticket often jams up inside and gums up the whole machine. Answer: they think they're being tricky by not letting the man behind them see their ticket number.

Interrupting his rounds in mid-morning Stewart held a half-hour conference with his plant superintendent Tony Hansen, traffic director Jack Wiechman and his personal management assistant Donald Voorhees to discuss ways and means of getting distant parking lot clients transported to the stands and back again to their cars. Meanwhile, Stewart was on his phone four times: there was a call from President Mervyn LeRoy who phoned to say he would not be out to lunch; a return call from Presiding Steward Wendell P. Cassidy in which Stewart politely requested that a stable area pass be denied to an oddball publicity-seeker; a report from the track veterinarian to announce that Mrs. Halina Braumstein's Preakness winner Royal Orbit had bowed and would be out of action for a year; and finally a call from Lou Smith, Stewart's counterpart at New Hampshire's Rockingham Park, to request reservations for the following day.

The greatest misconception among the racing public about track finances is the widespread belief that enormous mutual handles automatically

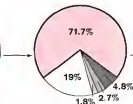
mean that the track makes millions of dollars daily. Take-out percentages vary from state to state, but the tax bite is usually stiff in every state. In California, where the law says that 40% of the track's total on the pari-mutuel take and breakage must go back into purses, it is apparent that any money to be made must come from such sources as admissions, concession income, program sales and parking fees. At Hollywood Park Jim Stewart figures his net income after taxes will be equal to about two-thirds of the admissions income. Last year's admission income was \$2,052,126 and the net income finally rounded out to \$1,388,801, of which \$1,199,880 then went out as stockholders' dividends. At the same time Hollywood Park in 1958 paid out a total of \$10,537,961 in taxes, with the state of California alone raking in \$7,710,614.

Today, as Hollywood Park nears the end of its 20th racing season, Jim Stewart, its 11-man board of directors and his two dozen smoothly synchronized department heads find themselves in an enviable position. The sporting population of southern California is growing at a tremendous rate, and despite competition from major league baseball, racing is still the No. 1 drawing card. And it will continue in the No. 1 slot just as long as Jim Stewart and Santa Anita's Gwynn Wilson and Carleton Burke continue to charm the Greater Los Angeles population by presenting the best racing possible with dignity and good taste. **END**

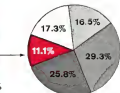
WHERE THE HOLLYWOOD BETTING DOLLAR REALLY GOES



\$3,514,241 mutual handle at Hollywood on typical Saturday (June 29) saw \$3,029,395 going back to winning ticket holders. Tax of 6% sent \$238,849 to state of California. Track commission of 7% amounted to \$245,997, went to Hollywood Park racing association less expenses and overhead.



\$343,431 constituted total track income for day. Major portion of money (71.7%) was accrued from Hollywood's commission of betting dollar. Other sources of income were admissions, \$65,654 (19%); fees from parking lot, \$8,970 (1.8%); program sales, \$9,316 (2.7%); concessions, \$16,384 (4.8%).



\$36,120.84 (11.1% of income) was net profit for Hollywood Park for typical Saturday. Of track expenditure dollar, most (29.3%) went to purses, makes. Then 25.8% went to salaries and wages, 17.3% to federal income and other taxes, and 16.5% was allocated to depreciation, advertising, etc.

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NEW MOVIE PROJECTORS THREAD THEMSELVES AUTOMATICALLY!

Only the new 8mm automatic Kodak Cine Showtime Projector asks no little of you during a full 30-minute show. It's the *only* projector that threads itself *all the way—right onto the take-up reel*—and starts the show *automatically*. New high-lumen lamp gives exceptional brilliance. Forward, still, reverse, rewind controls on illuminated panel. \$137.50. De Luxe model with variable-speed control, AC-DC operation, built-in splice, \$167.50.



Automatic Kodak Cine Showtime Projector, \$137.50.

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PRECISION INSTRUMENT

If you are a better-than-good driver, pay particular attention to the next '59 Corvette that passes you. Notice the almost magnetic adhesion of rear wheels to a choppy surface (that's our new parallelogram linkage in action), the beautifully accurate line it scribes around a curve (that's real sports car steering), the flat, virtually roll-free cornering that seems to defy centrifugal force (that's Corvette's wide-set "outboard" springing).

For this is a precision instrument at work—a superb vehicle created solely to serve the art of driving. Everything about a Corvette says this, flatly and unmistakably: The trigger-action V8 engines, climaxed by the

all-out Fuel Injection* special. The semi-bucket seats, carefully contoured for maximum support with long-distance comfort. The close-ratio Four-Speed* gearbox with full synchro on every gear. The three types of brakes. The anti-glare instrumentation, dominated by the big tachometer. The aero-light fiberglass body shell. But, above all, the total feel, the instant awareness that all these elements are blended into one precision instrument for the skilled hand.

If the hand is yours, this is the car you should be driving—it was built specifically for you. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Optional of extra cost.

CORVETTE by Chevrolet



JOE KNESPER, Mayfield CC, Lyndhurst, Ohio

Tip from the Top

How to cure hitting from the top

MOST ERRORS in golf are caused by hitting from the top and coming into the ball from outside the line. Proper coiling and uncoiling will prevent this. Most average golfers, however, don't have a clear picture in their minds as to what they should be doing to get into position on the backswing. Their hands and club move in one direction, so consequently they are never in a position to make a coordinated inside-out downswing with the club, hands, arms and body fused together. Quite the reverse, in fact. At the finish of the backswing, in a poor position which permits them no balance or feel, they have to hit from the top. This they do by moving the right shoulder and arm to the outside, for, although this is a wrong source of power for golfers to use, it is the only one they can summon.

Developing a proper coil on the backswing with the hands, arms and body working together is not the easiest thing in the world for average golfers. The best short cut I have found is getting them to picture and feel that their heels remain in the same position from the time of address until long after the ball is contacted. If they can remember this, it is remarkable how quickly the entire pattern of their swing changes and they start building a good swing which delivers maximum speed at the bottom of the arc, and from the inside.



NEXT TIP: Mary Lena Foulk on recovering your putting stroke



Today, our plump pal above, who usually plays a Titleist, experimented with a "just-as-good" ball. To his sorrow, he has discovered that it pays to play Titleist. No more experiments for him.

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ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Exquisite torture in Chicago

Forty years of devilish frustration have been the sad lot of an inevitably dwindling band of confident White Sox fans

A MAN IN Chicago, call him Max, keeps writing letters to Al Lopez, manager of the White Sox. Here is part of one:

"Taking in consideration the White Sox is the fastest club in baseball, don't you think it would help the Sox improve its offense and increase its run production if the Hit and Run was used. It also would help when fast runners are on 1st and 3rd, the runner on 1st break for 2nd base if there is no out."

Max writes to Lopez just about every day. Sometimes he writes to Don Gutteridge, the first-base coach, or to Billy Goodman, the utility infielder. Just about everybody on the Sox has received a letter from Max.

Few of Max's suggestions are sound and some are ludicrous. He once advised that when the slow-moving Walt Dropo and Sherm Lollar got on first and second base, they should attempt

a double steal as a surprise. It would have been a surprise all right. The catcher would have rolled on the ground in laughter. Then he would have gotten up and thrown Lollar out at third and might have doubled up Dropo at second. All the White Sox hooted at that idea.

The fact is, however, that Max should not be taken too lightly. After all, he is an interested fan, and no team, especially the White Sox, can afford to laugh at an interested fan. There just aren't that many.

The White Sox, you see, have not won a pennant in 40 years. No other major league team can make that statement. It has been very hard on Max and the other White Sox fans. In fact, the devil himself couldn't have arranged a more exquisite torture than the one these people have had to endure since 1951. In that year the

team won 14 straight games and led the league for over a month. Just when fans were beginning to figure out who could get them an extra pair of World Series tickets, the collapse came and the Sox finished fourth.

The years that followed were much the same, except that Chicago was able to finish third, or second. But never first. Always the fast start, bringing fresh hope, and then the inevitable slump, and despair. Last year it was different and it hurt worst of all. Before the season began, the Sox got Early Wynn and Ray Moore in trades. Now, the fans were told, Chicago had the best pitching staff in baseball. Now they had a good chance to win the pennant. The season started, and two weeks later it was over. The White Sox were in last place and it took them the rest of the season to fight their way up to second. But not first. That slow start ended it for many Sox fans. Attendance was off 330,000.

CIRCUS EVERY DAY

This season Bill Veeck, the genial circus man who bought the Chicago White Sox during the winter, has done much to revive the town's interest in the White Sox. By driving herds of elephants around the field or flying in midjet spacemen, Veeck has made Comiskey Park an enjoyable place to visit. Attendance is up over last year and Veeck expects interest in the team to snowball over the next few years. However, fans can take only so many elephants and spacemen. What Chicago needs is a winner, and nobody realizes this more than Veeck.

Veeck, when he took over the White Sox, wanted to get Al Lopez some new players. Lopez thought the men he had could win the pennant.

"We outplayed the Yankees over the last half of the season," Lopez told Veeck.

"They were roasting," countered Veeck. "I saw Casey leave in pitchers when he wouldn't have if the race had been close."

But Al insisted the Yankees were doing all they could to win. Now, with

ANOTHER "APARICIO RUN" LOOMS AS LITTLE LUIS SPEEDS AROUND THIRD BASE



the 1959 season half over and the Yankees barely playing .500 ball, Lopez feels he has been proved correct. The only problem is that the White Sox, too, are finding it difficult to get much above .500. Other teams have risen as contenders, so that Chicago finds itself battling Cleveland, Detroit and Baltimore, as well as the Yankees, in the most exciting American League pennant race in years.

The White Sox do not have a great deal to recommend them in this five-team race. Most of what is good about the team can be found several steps to either side of second base. To the left, at shortstop, is Luis Aparicio, a slim, 25-year-old boy from Venezuela. He has dark hair and tan skin. He speaks faltering English. He is married and has two children, a son and daughter. During the winter he plays baseball in Venezuela and he never gets tired of it.

Men who have watched shortstops for 30 years say they have never seen a better one than little Luis. Minnie Minoso hits the ball hard just to the left of the third baseman. Aparicio darts over, backhands the ball in his glove and throws it. Minoso is out by three steps. Harvey Kuenn bounces one over the pitcher's head for a single. As the ball takes a big hop past second base, Aparicio appears, racing toward right field. He spears the ball in the webbing of his glove, twists and throws to first. Suddenly Kuenn does not have a single. He is out and he shakes his head in disbelief.

To the right of second base stands Nellie Fox, the captain of the White Sox in spirit if not name. Fox is 31. He is short and tough, but well-spoken and polite. Before every game he deposits a fistful of chewing tobacco in his cheek, a declaration of war against the opposition. Fox, while not to be compared with Aparicio as a fielder, is as good a defensive second baseman as there is.

Aparicio and Fox bat one-two in the Chicago lineup. No one in baseball is faster than Aparicio. He has led the American League in stolen bases all three years he has played. Recently the White Sox won a game when Aparicio walked, stole second, went to third on a hunt and scored on a sacrifice fly.

"That was certainly an Aparicio run," was the comment.

"A lot of our runs are Aparicio runs," said Dick Dower, a Chicago sportswriter.

continued



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There are also a lot of Nellie Fox runs. He is always on base. Five times Fox has hit .300 or over and three times he has led the league in hits. Nellie doesn't slug home runs, but his line drives can separate a pitcher from his glove.

The rest of the team falls loosely into two groups, the veterans and the younger set. Older fellows like Earl Torgeson, who wears horn-rimmed glasses and cardigan sweaters and who played first base for the Boston Braves in the 1948 World Series, and Early Wynn, who has won more games than any active pitcher, give the team a professional look. Harry Simpson, the lanky outfielder, talks softly and seldom. He says his grand slam home run which beat the Yankees was just another hit, and prefers to moan over the fly balls he misplayed to send the Sox to a defeat. Billy Goodman, the frail North Carolinian, longs for his next lobster, a craving he developed during his nine years with the Boston Red Sox ("Who wants to eat those big spidery things?" he asked when he first saw them). Dick Donovan relaxes with the financial page before a game. Billy Pierce shouts a lot. Both are fine pitchers. Jim Rivera wears flashy clothes and hopes he can play in the majors another year.

YOUTHFUL ACCENTS

The younger White Sox include Bubba Phillips from Mississippi, accent and all, and John Romano from Hoboken, accent and all. Phillips plays third, Romano catches. They room together and can usually be found in the movies. Jim Landis, the fleet center fielder, Bob Shaw, a pitcher with blond wavy hair, a dislike of neckties and a penchant for calling the girls "honey," along with fellow pitchers Barry Latman and Rodolpho Arias, and the incomparable Aparicio, spend their off hours on the road being young, healthy and attractive.

These personalities, and others, form a good defensive ball club. They have been playing well all year and are very close to first place. White Sox fans watch in morbid fascination, waiting for the inevitable act of cruelty. Another second-place finish, say to Baltimore, might be enough to dissolve the team-fans relationship. Max might even stop writing letters to Al Lopez. **END**

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Do it 'en brochette'

For an outdoor party, nothing is more fun than to grill your own shish kebab

THIS would seem to be the age when kitchens move outdoors as gardens are brought indoors. For either the barbecue pit or the backyard grill or the permanent fireplace for cooking in the open has become standard equipment in almost every American home that boasts a little surrounding land. And the portable grill rides regularly with the family to beach or picnic ground or mountain camp. The male of the species has not only returned to his ancestral function of fire-building, but he takes pride in being an accomplished short-order cook. The female of the species finds that entertaining alfresco, in these days when help is a perennial problem, is far easier than putting on a party indoors. The men have a habit of taking over, the atmosphere is relaxing and the washing up is almost nil.

Frankfurters, hamburgers, halved chickens and steaks have long been favorites for grilling over charcoal outdoors. But during the last decade or so the idea of cooking more varied foods on metal skewers over the charcoal has found an increasing vogue. Pieces of meat arranged *en brochette*, as the French say, are usually interspersed with vegetables, thus improving the flavor of both. The name which appears to have become generic in the U.S. for all dishes of this type, plain or fancy, is shish kebab—the words in Turkish originally denoting the unadorned lamb tenderloins cooked over an open fire by Near Eastern peasants.

Shish kebab (cabob or kabob in other variations of spelling) is a fine dish for a summer party outdoors. The host needs only to provide enough charcoal grills (or cooking space above barbecue pit or other fireplace) and an interesting combination of foods, sauces and condiments. The guest has all the fun of choosing the things he likes best to eat, spearing them on his skewer and cooking them exactly to his taste. There is no trick to the cooking, except that the filled skewers must be turned over frequently. The host must start charcoal fires early enough so that by mealtime each guest will be able to operate over a bed of glowing coals.

The still life on the opposite page shows some of the makings of a successful shish kebab party. The table should offer a choice of raw meats, vegetables and, if desired, raw fish (a firm fish such as swordfish). All these foods are cut in sizes appropriate for threading on the skewers. There should be long forks to help get hot things off the skewers and onto the plates; also oils and

softened butter with accompanying pastry brushes for the application of same before cooking—and during the cooking, if needed—to prevent the meat from becoming dried out.

Here is a list of specific suggestions for an outdoor luncheon or supper party with a difference:

SKEWER PARTY (for 10 hungry people)

1½ lamb chops, cut 1½ inches thick, deboned and trimmed of all fat to make rounded shapes

1½ pounds lean top round, cut into 1½-inch cubes (in a marinade of red wine, whole pepper and spices)

1 pound bacon cut in squares

2 pounds swordfish cut in squares 2½ inch thick (marinated in a mixture of either vinegar or white wine, plenty of oil, bay leaves and whole pepper)

2 pounds onions—white, red or yellow—peeled and cut into convenient-sized pieces

1½ cups, more or less, of drained canned pimientos

1 pint of small tomatoes

1 pound mushroom caps

3 green peppers (shells only) cut in squares

Spices: salt and onion salt, coarse and fine pepper, ground cumin seed, oregano

Olive oil, vegetable oil, softened butter

French or Italian bread

Red and white wine, or rosé wine

Candidates for the skewer are legion. Consider, for instance, shrimp marinated in soy sauce to grill with bacon; lamb kidneys to brush with butter, Tabasco and mustard; lamb chanks soaked in garlic and oil to be skewered with both oiled and seasoned eggplant squares and tiny tomatoes; cubes of cheese sandwiches to combine with mustard-brushed ham squares. There are sausages and oysters to think about, not to mention scallops that have been previously simmered a minute or two in wine and herbs. Chili sauce, barbecue sauce and other bottled or homemade sauces are all popular additions in the line of condiments.

As for what to serve as a follow-up to the brochette feast: you might consider either ice cream or a very cold mixture of cut-up fruit served over lemon ice in a half watermelon. This is as alluring on a hot day as a luscious cake and strong coffee in colder weather.

RAW DELICACIES ready for skewering are (from top) cubes of round steak and squares of bacon; cubes of swordfish (red fish); tomatoes, pimientos and green peppers (yellow plate); onions; and mushrooms. Green cup holds olive oil for basting.

Photograph by Louise Debi-Wolfe



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THE RUGGED RETRIEVERS

by JAMES A. COWIE
with VIRGINIA KRAFT

Drawings by Anthony Razielli



JAMES A. COWIE

Son of a Scottish gamekeeper, James Cowie of Com-mack, N.Y. grew up handling gun dogs in Pitlochry, Scotland. Since coming to this country in 1920 he has schooled hundreds of retrievers, and three times in suc-cession won the Labrador Retriever Club Championship.



On the following pages Sports Illustrated continues the four-part series with step-by-step instructions on how to train the retrieving breeds. Shown above are the six most popular retrievers in this country. In recent years, however, several, like the standard poodle, have appeared more often in show rings than in duck blinds. All of these breeds, nevertheless, are built for rough work in the outdoors, and specifically for use in duck and goose shooting. Their dense waterproof coats, great physical stamina and superb swimming ability equip them to work under even the most adverse weather conditions and in the most difficult country. In fact, many retrievers actually seem to be at their best when weather conditions are at their worst. Like the flushing spaniels and trailing hounds discussed in Parts I and II, however, retrievers must be carefully trained before they can be expected to do a good job in the field. With practice and patience, all of the six dogs shown in the panel above can become excellent hunting companions, and, equally important, they can contribute a great deal to conservation by preventing the waste of crippled and lost birds.

TURN PAGE FOR TRAINING

First months afield

A retriever is born with an instinct to fetch, and he usually shows signs of it by playfully picking up any object thrown to him. This does not mean that he is ready to start his formal field training. You may actually discourage his natural instincts if you try to train him too early. Most dogs are not ready until they are about 9 months old. Some Labradors can be started sooner but Chespeakes and goldens often do better when training begins at 11 or 12 months. Until this time take the pup out every day (or as often as possible) for runs of no more than 15 minutes and just introduce him to the outdoors. Walk with him through fields and brush so he gets used to varied terrain. Let him play with a glove by throwing it to him. When he picks it up, call him back to you by blowing several short, soft blasts on a training whistle (25¢). Praise him if he fetches it to you but don't correct him if he does not. Your goal now is simply to acquaint him with the outdoors and with one simple whistle command.

Blow whistle to call pup to you as he retrieves glove.



Hold dog in sit position, then throw training dummy.



Step back and take dummy from dog before he drops it.

First formal exercises

When the pup is used to the outdoors and has learned the basic sit, stay, and come commands from his home training (SI, July 14 & 21, 1958), he is ready to start formal work in the field. Begin by making him sit. Take hold of his collar and throw a training dummy (\$2.85) about 16 yards. Release him on the command, "Fetch," and direct him toward the dummy with a sweeping movement of your arm. As soon as he picks up the dummy, whistle him back to you. If he runs the other way, don't chase after him. Instead step back and call him by name. When he finally comes to you, be ready to take the dummy from him before he drops it. Spend several weeks on this exercise and ignore his mistakes.

*With dog on lead, command
"Sit," then throw dummy.*



*If dog breaks at sound of
pistol, pull sharply on lead.*



First experience with gunfire

After the pup has learned to fetch the dummy and deliver it to your hand, he must become accustomed to gunfire. For exercise put the dog on a long lead and make him sit. Holding the end of the lead, step away from him. Then throw the dummy as far as you can and, while it is still in the air, fire a training pistol. If the dog breaks, jerk sharply on the lead, repeating the command, "Sit." When he is finally steady, drop the lead and command, "Fetch." Practice this exercise daily, correcting him if necessary, so he learns to remain motionless until you send him to retrieve.

First blind retrieves

In hunting, particularly from a blind, game often falls out of the dog's line of sight. He must learn, therefore, to find birds he did not actually see. The dog already knows that a series of short whistle blasts means "Come." Now teach him that a single, short blast means "Stop" (*Field Training, Part I, June 15*). Once he has mastered this command, have a friend plant the dummy out of the dog's sight. Send the dog straight ahead, then stop him by whistle. His instinct will be to look at you. When he does, call out, "Fetch," and move your arm in the direction of the dummy. If he gets off course, stop him again and repeat the arm signal. As soon as the dog is following your directions, substitute a dead bird for the dummy so he becomes used to feathers and game scent. At this same stage of training, ask a friend to fire a shotgun from about 30 yards away each time you send the dog to retrieve. Have the friend move closer as the dog becomes accustomed to

the noise of the gun. Spend about two months on this training.

*Dog sets out in new direction
as trainer moves arm, body.*



*Dog starts blind retrieve by
moving out on word "Fetch."*



*Dog stops at whistle, looks
back for your arm signal.*





Start exercise by holding dog in sit position at water's edge.



Next, send the dog into water to retrieve a shackled duck.

Working in the water

Most retrievers are ready to start working in the water after about three months of formal field training. If the weather is very cold, however, it is better to wait a few months longer. The dog will not mind freezing water once he is used to it, but you may frighten him if you start him off with an ice-cold plunge. The best place to begin this training is a shallow pond with a firm, sandy bottom. (Avoid salt water because the dog may try to drink it.) Take the dog to the edge of the pond and, with your hand on his collar, make him sit. Throw the dummy about 10 yards out. Wait until it hits the surface, then command, "Fetch." Most likely the dog will leap instinctively into the water. If he just paddles in, don't be discouraged—he soon will learn to leap. Occasionally a dog refuses to go in at all. If this should happen, have a friend throw the dummy while you stand in the water holding the dog's lead. On the command, "Fetch," pull the dog in and encourage him to swim to you. Once the dog is retrieving the dummy without difficulty, get a live duck (about \$5 at a game farm) and shackle his wings and feet by slipping an old sock with the toe cut out over his body. Then set the duck out about 20 yards from shore (a shackled duck can float well even though it cannot fly) and send the dog to fetch it. When the dog has made a few successful retrieves, set out some decoys so he gets used to swimming through them.



When dog returns, step back and take lead from his mouth.



Make a water-shy dog wade in by pulling on the long lead.



Working from a blind

Before the dog is ready to take hunting, he must become familiar with a shooting blind. It is not necessary to have an actual waterfowl blind or even water for this exercise. In fact, many people prefer the convenience of working their dogs in the backyard. Simulate a blind by setting up an enclosure of window screens or packing boxes. Leave a small opening in the front or side big enough for the dog to get in and out. Make him sit inside the blind. Throw the training dummy as far as you can and fire a shotgun in the air, then send the dog to fetch. If he hesitates about leaving the blind, repeat the command. Once he is out, direct him with hand and whistle signals. When he returns, encourage him to leap back into the blind and correct him if he drops the dummy outside. This exercise, besides being vital training for a pup, is also excellent preparation for an experienced dog.



Throw the training dummy from inside an artificial blind.

Fire shotgun and send the dog through opening to retrieve.



Make dog return with dummy through opening in blind.

Sit the dog behind logs to obstruct his view of the water.



Send dog over the logs and into water to make retrieve.

Working behind obstacles

The next step is to test the dog under difficult conditions. Choose a pond or bay with an overgrown bank that obstructs the view of the water. Make the dog sit behind some logs or deadfalls and take hold of his collar so you can control him. Have a friend fire a shotgun and then throw a shackled bird into the water where the dog cannot see it. Send the dog to fetch it. If he tries to go around the logs rather than over them, pull him back by the collar and give the command again. Follow through with arm and whistle signals to direct him to the bird. He should return over the logs and deliver the bird to your hand. When he has mastered this obstacle training, he is ready to take out hunting.



TURN PAGE FOR MORE RETRIEVER TRAINING

Retrieving wild birds

The climax of your months of training comes when you take the dog hunting. This is a new and sometimes bewildering experience for him. It will be easier if you go out alone at first so he is not distracted by other hunters and dogs. In the blind the dog should sit beside you motionless while you shoot. If he seems restless, stroke him occasionally to keep him quiet. When the first birds are down, your job is over and the dog's job really begins. It is one he will enjoy, and if the dog is handled properly, the hunter, too, will derive deep satisfaction from watching a well-trained retriever return triumphantly with a bird that might otherwise have been lost.



Dog must be steady in blind while hunter fires at birds.

Dog should grasp the bird firmly but gently as he makes retreat.



THE POINTING DOGS

In the July 27 issue George Stymiest of Lamberville, N.J. ends this series with instructions on training the pointing dogs.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Saved by a psychic

HARD luck," the losers' overworked alibi, won't stand up in a team match thanks to the way the players sit down. The two tables look like this:

	A		B
B	B		A
	A		B

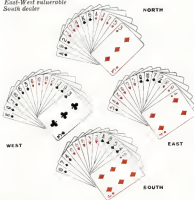
If the North-South cards of a deal have a potential grand slam, a pair from team A gets the opportunity to bid it at one table; at the other, the same big cards will be held by a pair from team B. Lady Luck plays no part in the deal; what the players do is what decides.

Suppose team A bids that grand slam in no trump and makes it for a score of 2,220. Then, at the other table, team B bids the grand slam in hearts and gets set one trick, giving team A another 100 plus. In a total-point match, team A would gain 2,320 points. But some tournaments include board-a-match team events. Each deal represents a match which is won, lost or tied, exactly like each hole in match play at golf.

In this type of competition it would make no difference whether team B made the grand slam; playing it at hearts, they could score only 2,210 points. Losing a board by 10 points or losing it by 2,320 would cost the same one point.

All of which sets the stage for this deal:

East-West vulnerable
South dealer



This deal first saw daylight in the Florida State Championship. It will serve no purpose to recount how my partner and I got to a two-heart contract with the East-West cards, resulting in a three-trick set that cost us 300 points. It seemed impossible for our teammates to tie this board by scoring 300 points against the more logical two-spade contract we assumed would be reached at the other table. A double-dummy opening of the diamond ace would need to be followed up by play that insured three diamond ruffs by South and a club ruff by North, in addition to collecting the two aces and the king in the black suits. This was too much to expect, so we chalked up the board as irretrievably lost.

However, I had not counted on my irrepressible teammate, Harry Harkavy of Miami Beach. Holding the South hand against vulnerable opponents, he opened with a psychic bid of one club, and the auction went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♣	2♠	3♥	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
3♥	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

West's two-spade bid was pre-emptive. North came in with three diamonds, and West, when this was passed around to him, realized that South had perpetrated a fraud. His double was passed around to South who, in desperation, ran to three hearts. This looked to East like money from home and he took appropriate action.

West opened the king of spades. Harkavy won the trick with dummy's ace and embarked upon a crossruff. He played the ace of diamonds and ruffed a diamond. He cashed the king and ace of clubs and ruffed a club in dummy. He ruffed another diamond in his own hand and then ruffed the fourth club in dummy. This brought his total to eight tricks, and East, who had helplessly followed suit thus far, retained his five trumps headed by the three top honors.

South had left only three trumps headed by the 10, but a diamond lead from dummy assured him of winning a ninth trick. If East trumped low, South would overruff; when East trumped high, South discarded a spade and waited to make his 10 of hearts on the third trump lead.

EXTRA TRICK

Let me warn adventuresome readers that psychic and rescue bids seldom turn out so well. Risking a big disaster is permissible only in board-a-match play where the biggest loss in any deal is a single point.

END

PART II: THE LONG FLIGHT

'WE COULD SWIM

by **PERCY KNAUTH**

Ten hours out of Logan Field in Boston, Apache D-GARY, on a ferry flight to Paris, approaches a storm over the Atlantic Ocean west of the Azores. Aboard are Pilot Max Conrad, who recently set a world distance record of 7,668 solo miles for small planes (SI, June 15), and Editor Percy Knauth, whose story of his transatlantic adventure with the modern Lone Eagle continues below. For a picture album showing highlights of Conrad's recent record flight, see page 64.

TUESDAY, February 17: 0046 hours. Nearly an hour has passed. We are in it now. The layers of cloud have closed in gradually: the clifflike wall of the front grew dark and dim, and then with a rush there was cloud all around. Now it is raining, hard. The green light flashes on the wing tip at my side as fog and rain tear past it. D-GARY leaps and drops, bucking. The rain makes a rushing, peppery noise in our dim little cabin, a steady, sharply sibilant stream of sound to match the streaming water on the windows. Max pulls on the carburetor heat; we are getting a little ice there. I hold the flashlight on the carburetor air heat dial while he slowly, with in-

finite care, adjusts the knobs until both dials read 100°. Once before, on his first transatlantic flight in an Apache, he held those knobs for 13 hours with one hand, while flying and tuning his radio with the other—13 hours of storm in which he had to hold them because otherwise they slipped back in, the carburetor jets iced up and his engines started to cut out.

Now it is rain and snow mixed. The sharp sibilance becomes an incredibly fast, rattling tattoo. Max switches on the taxi light in the nose—it is an amazing sight! Snow streams at us; a whole world of snow is aimed directly at this little airplane—a million lane-like streaks of it whizzing at us out of the blackness, stabbing at the windshield, a world alive with hissing, rattling, streaming snow. The light goes out, and we are in blackness again, but a blackness still alive with sound.

And now it is alive with something else—an eerie, flickering blue light that runs up and down the windshield frame, leaps off to the wings, appears again, flowing in jagged edges along the Plexiglas of windshield and window. "Static electricity," Max shouts above the noise. "Watch!" He puts his hand up to the windshield, touches it and snatches it back with a grimace as a long blue spark leaps from



IT FROM HERE'

it. I reach forward tentatively and stare in astonishment: rippling sparks trail from my fingers with a prickling sensation, a stream of them from each finger when I approach the Plexiglas. I am too fascinated even to be frightened.

We fly on through the snow. Max tries to tune the ADF; it is no use, it points only straight ahead, drawn by the static charge in the storm outside. The constant stream of sound ebbs and flows as the snow waxes and wanes. We fly on, cut off, alone. There is no fear, there is only a hypnotic fascination as if I, too, were being drawn irresistibly by the sound and fury toward the heart of the witching world in this great cloud of storm.

0110 hours. We are out of it. We have been in it a bare half hour. It seemed an eternity. And then it stopped, as suddenly, more suddenly, than it began, and we are abruptly in the clear.

In the clear, but in a skyline more awe-inspiring, more immense, than anything I have ever imagined. Ahead and on both sides, great towering masses of cloud loom into the black sky. There is no light, yet everywhere these tremendous, soaring peaks are visible, huge shadows in a fantastic, dreamlike scene. We seem to travel in a vast stillness in which nothing moves except ourselves, a tiny errant star wan-

dering forever in a place lost to time. And there, like a companion star appearing on our right and far above us, I see a plane.

I have a vague idea now what a man in space would feel like if he saw another man. I strain my eyes toward those blinking lights, one red, one white, that hang suspended far above us, and I seem to see into the cabin of that companion ship, with its comfortable, reclining seats, its soft lights, its sleeping people, its stewardesses walking quietly up and down the aisle. It seems so near! We ought to get together, you and we, I think; we ought to sail the rest of this way wing to wing, for this is a wide, wide world and we are very much alone. But he draws ahead, wings on and slowly disappears while I stare after him; at last I see his lights blink one more time and he is gone.

0145 hours. Rain, hard and short. Then we are out of it and flying between layers of cloud. We see another storm to the right and turn to skirt the edge of it.

0155 hours. A sudden whoosh from the right engine; the wing dips sharply; we are out of gas on the cabin tanks. Max reaches down and switches on the cross-feed from the auxiliaries; the engine picks up and we fly straight and level again. I unplug the

continued





BEFORE TAKEOFF, CONRAD SHOWS HAPPY GRIN

AN EPIC OF THE AIR

*The highlights of Max Conrad's record flight
from Casablanca to Los Angeles in pictures*



ALL SET TO GO, HE SPINS PROP ON HIS COMANCHE AT CASABLANCA



THE RECORD BROKEN, HIS "LET'S FLY" WINGS OVER EL PASO, TEXAS...



... AND FAST CROSS ON MT. CRISTO REY



CONRAD AND WIFE BETTY POSE IN NEW YORK

AFTER LANDING, CONRAD IS Haggard BUT HAPPY



cigarette lighter. We fly on, pointing for the Lajes beacon. It is time to look for lights now; we should be nearing Horta.

0025 hours. Calling Santa Maria. Max, with his earphones and glasses, bending over his charts and maps, speaking into the mike, has the look of a pixyish scholar, incongruous up here in the darkness and the clouds.

Santa Maria, Santa Maria. Romeo Yankee calling. No reply.

Santa Maria, Santa Maria—and now I can see he has an answer. But he's mixed up; he keeps saying "Gander." "I read you, Gander, five by five," he says. Does he think he's up north? No, it's Gander, all right—and Gander relays us to New York, and New York relays us to Santa Maria and we are advised to try Santa Maria on another frequency, 5625.5. All of a sudden we are not alone any more; the sky seems positively crowded.

0029 hours. We call Santa Maria on 5625.5 and get New York. What an odd thing this radio is! We give New York our position; and then we get Santa Maria too.

0028 hours. Max sights a beacon on the right, a light! It's a light for sure, not a star—a light down there in the darkness, probably a buoy, rocking on the ocean swells far, far below. The radio compass has started to swing to the right now too; we must be almost abreast of Flores, the first of the island chain.

Now begins a period of curious anxiety for me. I have been watching the various dials before me, and I note with a start that the tank gauges show only about half full. We are not on the cabin tanks any more; does this mean that half of our remaining gas supply is gone? I check several times in the next 20 minutes or half hour and the gauges seem to be going down with startling rapidity. We have been studying Max's chart of the islands; I know there is still a long way to go. Even when we have come abreast of Horta, with its 7,000-foot mountain (which is on our minds too, Santa Maria having brought us down to 7,000 feet), we still have about 150 miles, down past Lajes and Santa Ana to Santa Maria at the bottom of the island group. I begin to watch those gauges with real concern; I don't know if they show all our remaining gas supply, and I hesitate to ask.

We see stars now, behind a thin veil of high cloud. Cloud mountains still

loom all around us, and once in a while we pass through a brief but violent squall. Below, the cloud floor is broken. We are tuned to the Horta beacon, and the signal is a steady, comforting sound: ending in a long, steady musical tone.

0015 hours. A light beacon dand ahead. Then another to the right, and still another. There is a ship, too. We are approaching an island; it looks like an island—a long sliver of dark land sloping down from a mass of land to the left. We approach it, and it seems to melt away into the darkness. Was it an island? I will never know.

0050 hours. Horta is ahead. And at its last moment of life the moon has reappeared, to set behind us in a pale glow of moonlit cloud. I had thought it long since gone.

0055 hours. We have climbed to 9,000, thinking of that mountain, and now we call Santa Maria to ask for the winds at 7,000 and for Santa Maria's weather. The mountain is at last abreast of us, and I see it clearly—very solid land indeed, a great, dark bulk, almost as high as we, a sharp cone of a mountain with a long island spine and ripples of dim white cloud climbing up its far side.

0415 hours. We tune in Lajes omni and check it against the ADF. We are coming abreast of Lajes now. About 150 miles to go.

We have strong head winds. Santa Maria has sent us up to 9,000 feet again after we started descending, right where the winds are strongest. The winds explain this long ride down to the islands and along the chain: we were blown farther north than we thought and have had to fight our way southward since the storm.

0515 hours. We have flown for a long time in silence, in and out of clouds, watching, waiting. Now we contact Santa Maria tower. We are still about 50 miles out, with Santa Ana ahead. Santa Maria checks our position and heading, gives us altimeter setting and winds.

0025 hours. We burst out of a cloud, and there, as abrupt and as beautiful as the curtain rising in a darkened theater, we see bright lights of the Santa Maria airport—two yellow lines of the runway, dim blue glow of the taxi strips, a beacon flashing, lights moving along a road, the warm glow of a town. As quickly as we see it, it is gone, and we are in a cloud again; but we turn in a wide, descending spiral, and there it is once more. The sight is unforgettable. We

are poised between great pillars and mountains of cloud, threading our way through measureless chasms that wind between them, circling, turning, descending in breathtaking sweeps. Santa Maria is talking to us over the loudspeaker now, giving us instructions, asking questions, getting answers. Romeo Yankee is reaching port, and the pilot is guiding us in, in strongly accented but very clear English: "Romeo Yankee, descend to 3,000 feet over the beacon, fly over it on heading 190°, make a 180° turn. . . ." We briefly flash into a cloud again, out of it, we sweep down, the runway is ahead, we sideslip steeply—once, twice, three times—the gear comes down, the runway lights flatten out, loom large, start flashing by. D-GARY, alias Romeo Yankee, touches with a soft thump-thump, and we are on the ground at 0039, one minute before Max's estimated time of arrival.

The tower guides us down the runway to the follow-me jeep. We speed along behind it, see a figure waving lights, turn, slow, stop. Max cuts the engines, and we climb staff-legged from the plane. The air is soft and warm. An enormous Lockheed Constellation radar picket plane stands hulking in the blue lameness of the taxi strips, busy figures squatting around its pregnant belly. We hear American voices from its crew. Ahead, the lights of the administration building beckon and we walk in.

Later, when the tanks have been filled by Santa Maria's efficient ground crew, I ask Max about those fuel gauges. "Oh," he says, "those were only the auxiliaries. We still had about five hours left in the mains." I might have known.

WE are in Santa Maria about three and a half hours. That's time enough to check in and out of customs (no problem, just filing some papers), file a new flight plan, get a new weather briefing, get all tanks filled and the airplane checked again (after all, there are still some 800 miles of ocean to go, though one feels inclined to minimize the distance after that long first leg), get breakfast all alone in the cavernously empty big dining hall (ham and eggs and coffee for me; toast and honey and milk for Max), and make use of a hand-based toilet (a couple of empty paint cans served us in the air). Everybody at Santa Maria is very

continued

friendly and helpful. The Constellation crew, a bunch of crew-cuts in Navy sunbans and leather jackets, is aloof, incredulous and inclined slightly to look down their noses at us; but, after all, they have their own problems, and shortly after we land they take their airborne electronics laboratory and roar the hell out of there, Malta-bound. We crank up Romeo Yankee just after daybreak, and I take her off into a brightening sky at 0932 Greenwich time.

We are cleared to Delta exit point, about 90 miles out, thence VFR to Madrid at 11,000 feet. Max has told me to climb at 130 miles an hour, no more and no less, and he can be strict about this sort of thing. I keep my eyes glued to the air speed. This is work. And then, quite suddenly, I am also fighting against sleep. The sun in my eyes, the warmth of the cabin, the drone of the engines all combine to put me in a hypnotic state. Suddenly I am far, far away. I hear nothing, feel nothing, see nothing; my hands are on the wheel, my eyes are open, but my mind has fled to distant places . . . dimly I feel the airplane climbing . . . something is wrong . . . some drugged sense tells me that we're climbing too steeply . . . I wrench myself awake with a fearful thought . . . holy smoke, the air speed! It's down to 115 and going lower . . . I shake my head to clear my brain, push the wheel forward, concentrate. . . .

How does Max fight this sort of thing on a long flight, a really long flight? It is insidious and dreadful; it comes without my even being aware of its coming. I am flying, I am concentrating—suddenly I am gone, and only that deep, deep sense that doesn't quite go out saves me, in the nick of time: I feel the climb steepen and somehow jerk myself awake. But suppose I didn't feel it? Is there a time when even the deepest sensors are overwhelmed by sleep? I try looking out the window, scanning the skies, varying the routine. It helps somewhat. I remember what Max said about keeping himself busy all the time. I can see now that with someone else along, and the opportunity to relax, he is giving in to the drowsiest too—he naps from time to time, his face, lined, stubbled, gray, suddenly dissolves in brief sleep with a look almost of pain.

0954. On top of the clouds at 7,000.

1004. Climbed out at 11,000 feet. CAVU, with a vast, tumbled floor of cloud ahead. We estimate we are at Delta exit point—how long ago it seems since we left EEL out in the ocean east of Boston! And the ocean is still our world; it is hard to believe that in another five hours or so, another 500-odd miles, the ocean will give way to real land, Europe. . . .

1040 hours. Cruising at 11,000 feet. I am trying to trim her out for level flight, but at this altitude and with this load it's like trying to balance her on a log. No sooner is she up there than she starts sliding off again. It's a real job. Air speed is a slippery 120 mph and she just barely holds her altitude at that.

It is a majestic day. We have left the cloud floor above the Azores behind, and we now have an unobstructed view of the sea beneath—deep blue, immense, crinkled with waves. Far ahead, reaching into infinite distance on both sides, is a tremendous bank of clouds—magnificent great cloud ranges, tier on tier, peaks and plateaus, silent, unmoving, remote. The sun shines bright and hot through the windshield. The outside temperature is just about at freezing. The plane moves quietly along, detached from every worldly thing.

1103 hours. Time for a position report to Santa Maria; it's sort of nice to hear that familiar voice break into our principal stillness up here. We are now almost past that tremendous mountain range of clouds; it lies below us like a heavenly Alps, and beyond is a Sea of Azov, veiled and mysterious, island-dotted, the way I would imagine the Sea of Azov would look, or Alpi, the sacred ever, as in Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*—and beyond it looms another distant range.

Behind us now is a most astonishing sight: clouds that seem to be reflected in a glassy lake, like a mirage. It is a really surprising illusion, as though at this altitude there were another little sea above the sea, mirror-smooth. It is caused, I think, by a thin layer of clouds, broken, lying between the big layers which, floating in haze, look like white islands on glass-clear water.

1145 hours. We have crossed our mysterious Sea of Azov and are reaching the other side; and it lost none of its miragelike qualities in the crossing. Now, out of a flat platform of



DWARFED BY SABENA DC-7C, D-GARY

cloud ahead, mushrooms have begun to sprout by the hundreds. Some are slender pillars, some bulbous-shaped, some squat growths—the cloudscape is dotted with them as far as the eye can see. Warm air is rising from the ocean, pushing up the cloud layer; these are thunderheads a-burning, baby cutups that can combine and grow to huge and violent size. It is almost like watching the process of creation.

1205 hours. We contact Santa Maria again.

Once more I am getting very sleepy when I am at the controls. Max thinks that the altitude has something to do with it, a touch of anoxia. I get sudden, sharp hallucinations, snap out of them with a real physical jerk. I have an idea; I remember the Wash 'n' Dries I brought along, get out the box and tear one open. The little paper towel, saturated in some astringent liquid, is marvelously cool and refreshing; I go over my whole face with it, down into my neck, and the lively, pleasant smell of it fills the little cabin. Max is impressed; he tries one too. "This could be real good on the long flight," he says.

1305 hours. I've had an orange and some cold chicken, then some coffee, and I feel better, less sleepy. After a short harmonica session we call Santa Maria again and give our position. We're well over halfway now.

1338 hours. We try calling Lisbon approach on various VHF frequencies. No reply, still too far out.

The sky is dirtying up to the southward now; out of my window I can see a high, murky overcast, with



IS PHOTOGRAPHED AT RAINY LE BOURGET WITH CONRAD AND PERT PARISHIAN PAN

rain squalls here and there. We are just going to pass the northern edge of this. Straight ahead and to the north it is CAVU as far as the eye can see.

1405 hours. We are hearing all sorts of airplanes talking to Lisbon approach now, but we don't have them yet. That means we are still at least 100 miles away. We try again, and now we barely begin to hear Lisbon approach answering the other aircraft. It is a weird feeling; we will hear some pilot somewhere giving his position, asking for instructions; he breaks off; silence; then he comes back and acknowledges a voice we didn't hear at all. But now, ever so faintly, we begin to hear the voice replying, and we know we are getting close to land.

We give our last report to Santa Maria. We are nearly five hours out, and it is "thank you for everything, Santa Maria, and goodbye." I remember those calls of the night before, in the dark and the storm, the instructions relayed from New York and Gander and Shannon and Clipper 154—and the warm and beautiful sight of that airport suddenly appearing from behind the curtain of cloud. "Goodbye, Santa Maria, and thanks," say I, "I'll never forget you"—but look who's saying goodbye without a radio.

Minutes later it's "Hello, Lisbon," and the new contact is made.

1420 hours. Lisbon clears us down to 9,000.

1430 hours. Land ho! Frankly, I don't see it yet, but Max says he does. We are 24 hours six minutes out of

Boston via Santa Maria, Azores. We reel up the HF antenna and put the earplugs away. No need for the long-range set any more.

1440 hours. We simultaneously acknowledge that for some time now we have been hearing a peculiar buzzing sound from the right engine. It sounds to me like a vibration somewhere. Max turns off all the radios to see if it is a radio hum; no. He checks the landing gear; no. We don't know what it is. It sounds like a loose cowl, perhaps; some thin piece of metal vibrating in a hornlike buzz. But it doesn't seem to be anything serious; all the instruments read O.K., and there is nothing loose that we can see.

1505 hours. That land was a false alarm. We must be quite a way out still. We try a VHF contact again; no go.

1512 hours. Land ho! This time for sure. At the same time we get Lisbon on VHF. Max tries Lisbon omni; the needle swings and centers, so now we have a beacon on omni and the ADF. What a wonderful feeling!

1530 hours. The land is clearly in sight now. I see the sandy banks of the Tagus River, fishing boats appear below, and an occasional freighter. It is CAVU all around, a beautiful, sunny sky. The air waves are full of a mixture of accents—American, British, French, Spanish: this is Europe again, we have made it. "We could swim from here now," says Max with a grin. We could, we could indeed. There is Estoril ahead, and the shore road to Lisbon; Cascais; Gerónimos, the strange monastery with its forbidding brotherhood of silent monks

crowning the black mountain; the smoke of Lisbon ahead. We are to report at the Lima Sugar beacon, and we start watching the needle now. "They're real strict around here," says Max. "We want to be sure we hit those beacons right."

1557 hours. Lima Sugar beacon passes below, and we are cleared to Charlie Romeo at Coruche. There's the airport; we fly right over it at 9,000 feet precisely.

1612 hours. Charlie Romeo below (we see the beacon this time). Lisbon passes us on to Papa Mike at Portalegre. Gone is the ranging freedom of the sea; we are controlled like traffic on a highway here. We estimate Papa Mike at 1644.

1646 hours. The needle wavers; Papa Mike is below, and we are cleared to Charlie Charlie, which seems to be at the border. Max is flying with his facilities chart spread open on his knees. We have to watch and plan and estimate.

We are never sure just when we pass Charlie Charlie. We can't seem to make it out, but for documentary purposes we estimate it at 1724.

I AM flying now in the peace of the afternoon. For all the dreaming I have done since I was a small boy, I have never known that flight could be so beautiful. We are at 9,000 feet over Spain. Below is a broad river valley, a river that must rise high at times, leaving wide expanses of sand when it is low, and bordered by fields of an incredible green. Rolling hills rise from the valley, carefully tended, with fields that from this height look combed. Here and there are towns and villages nestled in the soft curves of the earth as though, after long wandering, they had found shelter there, liked the place and stayed. Smoke rises softly in air that is almost still. We are trimmed out in perfect level flight; even without the autopilot it needs only the gentlest touch, not more than the crooking of a finger, to keep the Apache precisely where I want it to be. The engines hum. They are so perfectly adjusted for our slow, peaceful pace that they are no more obtrusive than the noise of an automobile engine running quietly along a wide, straight prairie road on a summer day. The air-speed needle is steady on 130 mph, the ADF points straight ahead, the altimeter hangs unvaryingly around 9,000. Off to the left in the distance, a

continued

vaporous line on the horizon, I see the shadowy cloud of a snow-capped mountain range.

We fly along those mountains all afternoon while the day slowly fades below. Slowly, too, the countryside changes. As the mountains rise, the green below gives way to browns and reds. The hills grow sharper, the broad valley splits, its tributary valleys narrow to gullies, deep, steep, eroded. From red the dominant color fades to gray and black, the landscape turns harsh, tumbled and arid. Ahead of us appears a long, low, dike-like formation, so regular, so flat-topped that it seems it must be man-made—except that it is probably at least 1,000 feet in height. This, too, splits, splits again, and I see the fingers of black foothills rising toward another range on our right, a jagged range just powdered with a sugar coat of snow.

The stillness is immense and beautiful. For probably two hours neither of us has said a word; we sit, lost in our thoughts, and my fingers gently guide this lovely plane. I sense that the sun is setting behind me; on the ground the shadows grow long, and haze draws across the strange and unreal landscape like an evening shroud. Now the snow-capped range at the left—the Guadarrama mountains, I later learn—turns pink, then red, then gold. The land grows dim, then dark; at 1800 hours the sun sets over Spain. Twilight enters our little cabin, too; but now the spell is broken: it is time to work again. Ahead, a soft glow in a hazy, slate-blue sky, are the lights of Madrid.

We come up on them swiftly, and as swiftly as the night flees over the countryside below, as swiftly is the countryside transformed. Lights wink and blink everywhere. Houses give way to groups of houses; lone cars on the highway become many cars, their headlights wavering along, flashing briefly as they top a rise and shine into the sky. The glow of Madrid becomes a blaze. Our cabin light has been turned on, and Max studies his facilities chart. Then he speaks quietly into the microphone: "Madrid tower, Apache Delta Gulf Alpha Romeo Yankee—Romeo Yankee calling." Madrid replies, and we are cleared to Runway 33. Max motions, and I start to descend.

At 2,500 feet he takes over, and we soar across Madrid's outlying hills.

I see the city blazing to our left, a riot of gold. Lower we come, and lower. A hill looms ahead, close, black, much higher, it seems, than we are. For the first time in this entire journey I feel a real stab of fear: Max, his eyes intent on the darkness ahead, doesn't seem to have noticed it. The hill rises giganticly—My God, I think, we're going to hit it. And suddenly it is gone, it flows past below, we stab through a brief, thin wisp of cloud. "Good Lord," I say, "Max, I thought you were going to hit that hill for sure." He smiles. "It only looks that way," he says. "I'll show you tomorrow."

He speaks into the mike again. Straight ahead, the twin lights of a runway flicker; then, at almost the same instant, another springs into view at right angles, to the left of us. For a moment we are confused. Max checks the tower: "Romeo Yankee calling, which runway are we cleared for?" "Romeo Yankee," comes the answer, "you are cleared for Runway 33." Our heading is still east—"Oh, yes," says Max. "I remember, that's a military field ahead. We don't want that one." We swing to the left to a heading of 330°, line up for the twin paths of gold that shine beyond a low hill. Down, down we come. We drop the gear; the three lights flash on. We bank gently, lining up. Whoosh! go the flaps—we balloon and slow. The concrete ribbons part, the numbers 33, streaks of tires. We flare out, drop gently down, touch and roll. The blue lights of the taxi stripe appear; the tower guides us in. It is 1843, Greenwich time.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later we are peering down through a veil of fog at Le Bourget in Paris. In five hours and 20 minutes we have flown across Spain past the Pyrenees (where I learn how deceptive mountain flying can be), past Biarritz (the Atlantic, one more time, a blue expanse in the distance), past a giant layer of smoke that covers Bordeaux, where a huge brush fire is burning, up the valley of the Loire to the flat floor of fog that spreads out over Paris. It is evening now, the sun is setting, and a jet leaves a fiery contrail in its dying rays. Our cabin tanks are empty; we drained them as we approached Poitiers, flying nose high, right wing low, like a tilted drunk until the engines whooshed and died and we knew the tanks were dry. We have seen the Eiffel Tower sticking like a finger

through the fog, its skeleton visible right down to the first balcony. We have flown around the west side of the city looking for Le Bourget, and there it is below. Hangars and runways are clearly visible; yet we know that down there visibility is barely half a mile and the ceiling 200 feet or less.

Dusseldorf is fogged in; we have checked. Geneva is no better today than it was yesterday. We debated various places; in the end Max says, "We'd better try Le Bourget; they can always talk us down."

They are talking now, and we reply, "Le Bourget, this is Romeo Yankee. We are over the field." We get instructions how to proceed: we are cleared down to 2,500 feet over the beacon, Ground Control Approach will take us from there.

We go down, and gradually the haze thickens. As we approach it more and more horizontally it is no longer a veil, but gradually becomes a wall. The hazy outlines of the earth disappear. We are gliding down toward what seems to be an impenetrable floor.

Now GCA takes over. "Romeo Yankee, check your directional gyro and give me your heading." We do so, synchronizing our gyro with our compass, and report our heading as 269°. "Romeo Yankee," he replies, "turn one degree to the left. You are four kilometers out, your heading is 267." We confirm each heading as he gives it to us. "Hold that heading," he continues. "Your glide path is good. You are four kilometers out, your heading is 267. Correct your heading to 268. Three kilometers out, 268. From now on do not report back. Correct to 269. Two kilometers, 269. You are over the glide path, 269. Your glide is good. One kilometer. . . ." The glide path, a shimmering line of gold, flows past below. Runway lights appear. "One kilometer, 269. . . ." There is the runway. We touch in a world of murky gray at 1820, and GCA turns us over to the tower frequency of 119.1. The trip is over.

The next day, in a cavernous hangar at Le Bourget, we shake hands and say goodbye. Romeo Yankee is all cleaned out and spic-and-span. She will stay there until her owners fetch her. Max, meanwhile, boards an airliner for New York to prepare his Comanche for the record try from Casablanca to El Paso. If there's a man alive who can make it, I think as I watch my pilot walk away, there he goes.

END

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

THE NOT-SO-UNLIMITED DUCKS

Sirs:
As a dedicated duck hunter, congratulations for your accurate and alarming report on the waterfowl situation, *Behind the New Duck Stamp* (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, June 29). Bravo for declaring it is "obvious that American sportsmen could make no better investment than paying their \$3 for their duck stamp, whether they hunted or not."

Your counsel is very sound, but I most respectfully suggest another obvious and even better investment would be to join Ducks Unlimited, that great, nonprofit organization of American and Canadian sportsmen whose sole aim is to restore and maintain the waterfowl population of this continent. Their success has been duly recorded by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in the past (81, October 21, 1957).

Contributing to DU should, of course,

not be in lieu of buying a duck stamp, but above and beyond it, in every sense. Helping waterfowl is an international job, but Federal duck stamp money can only be national in utilization. By law, it must be spent in the U.S. Ducks Unlimited funds are as migratory as the birds involved. They cross the Canadian border to improve breeding conditions throughout the continent's major duck factories in the prairie provinces.

Minneapolis

Hovick McCoy

Pittsburgh

AL ROSENBLUM

• Contributions may be sent to Ducks Unlimited, Inc., 165 Broadway, New York City.—ED.

NICKY AND THE UNP

Sirs:

The picture of Mickey Mantle rounding third base followed by ecstatic young-

sters (WONDERFUL WORLD, June 29) is for my money (and I am a charter subscriber to your outstanding magazine) the best sports picture you have ever had.

The touch that really sets it off is the malevolent expression on the umpire's face. He just looks like he was hoping Mickey would run off the line so the ump could call him out and thus spoil the day for practically everyone.

TRACK: THE RESULTS

Sirs:

I think an apology from Tex Maule is in order for his apparent lack of knowledge as to the ability of the California track powerhouse. A quick look at the results of the AAU championships should

enlighten

BASEBALL: DRAMATIC PROPOSAL



MUSICAL COMEDY STAR PAT SUZUKI PITCHES FOR SHOW TEAM

Sirs:

I see that two ladies have taken an active interest in a third major league (*Ladies' Day Is Really Here*, 81, June 29). As a pitcher on the *Flower Drum Song* ball team, I may not qualify as a lady, but since meeting Ford Frick and Governor Rockefeller and being interviewed between games by Mel Allen I enjoy being a girl baseball fan and started rooting for the Yankees when they were in seventh place.

I believe there is a far better, more exciting way to expand the majors to 24 teams than with the dull invention of a third league. Rather than destroy the wonderful natural climax of the World Series, I suggest expanding baseball within the present framework of the two leagues we now have, as follows:

The American and National leagues would each have an eastern and western division of six teams.

Each league's championship would be determined by a short two-out-of-three series between its own eastern and western division winners.

The World Series, now representing 24 teams, would be greater than ever, and the classic battle between the American and National League champions would remain intact in all its traditional glory.

Long live the World Series! Forward with expansion! Down with a third major league!

New York City

PAT SUZUKI



PAT WITH FRICK AND ROCKEFELLER AT CAMPANELLA DINNER

Check the cans on the sidelines of the next tennis tournament you go to. Odds are they'll be Dunlop cans, because Dunlop Championship Tennis Balls have been used in more international championship play than any other ball. Now, what counts in a tournament ball is not so much the longer playing life of Dunlop Tennis Balls (there's always a fresh lot being tossed in) but the greater liveliness and controlled accuracy of the ball. You'll get some hint of all three qualities when that first Dunlop ball rolls out of the can into your hand. You'll get positive proof before the first set is over. Dunlops are designed to play better on all court surfaces—and they won't drift, fade or float. Try a can and see.

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BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, Inc.

19TH HOLE continued

suffice (37 Men to Beat the Russians, SI, June 29).

You are putting out a fine magazine, and I enjoyed the track and field controversy immensely.

CLIFFORD HOOBLER

New York City

● Californians can be justly proud that their state has 14 berths on the team against Russia. The rest of the U.S. put together has 25. Placing each athlete geographically in the area in which he had his high school training, the regional breakdown of the AAU results are: California (including Jack Yerman as a relay alternate) 14; Oregon (Pacific Northwest) 3; the Midwest (expanded, or Maule, version) 11; the East 11; the South 0. Certainly California is a gold mine for track talent; just as certainly, there are athletes who run fast, jump high or far and throw things well elsewhere in the U.S.—ED.

BOXING: THE PAST RECAPTURED

Sirs:

As an avid, inveterate sports fan—and sometime sportswriter I should like to extend compliments to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for publishing and to FINE FARR for authoring the "story of the year," perhaps of the decade (*Black Hamlet* of the *Hesperian*, SI, June 13 & 20).

Mr. Farr's two-part article is a literary masterpiece, not so much for its superior prose, perhaps, as for its depth of perception, its articulate reportorial accuracy and its scrupulous appraisal of a controversial, internationally admired and maligned figure. Jack Johnson's notable achievements and disquisitions antedate my memory, but the obviously meticulous effort made by Mr. Farr to compose a factual yet genuine tribute to Jack Johnson is fitting, "a source both of pride and inspiration" which, in my opinion, applies also to Mr. Farr's literary ability, first in relation to the magazine, second in relation to its readers.

J. R. WILLIAMS

Chicago

Sirs:

Truly, it is one of the finest articles on this great champion that I have ever read. I can express nothing but praise at your fairness and thoroughness.

Recently, our radio station, KGFJ Hollywood, has conducted a daily series titled *This Is Progress*, short pictures of "outstanding Negroes who have labored and served to enhance this country's greatness." Jack Johnson has already been broadcast but will be reissued now that we have read your article.

I am sure that your readers everywhere will cherish your story of "... the most discredited athlete of modern times; who dared be born a Negro in a most unfortunate period."

How clearly you have drawn the picture of a tremendous man, whose athletic greatness has been purposely suppressed by little people who resented in

him the fighting spirit that made America what it is today.

BON DE COY

Hollywood

A CHANCE TO LIVE AND WORK

Sirs:

That is a very good piece about my dog, Black Boy XI, that appeared in *EYE'S & DISCO EYES* ("Rescued Champion," June 15). As stated, he has won so many field trial honors that I myself have to look up the record, and I am sure that nearly everyone in this sport throughout the country classifies him as one of the all-time great Labrador retrievers.

While it would have given my ego a boost to have your article retite his accomplishments and perhaps assign him a rating in the hierarchy of greats, there are nevertheless many others with great records too, and any all-time comparisons are very difficult and open to argument, just as in golf, boxing, tennis, etc.

Your article accomplishes in a very fine way the main objective which interests me: it publicizes not so much the dog but The Animal Medical Center and Dr. Leighton. So far as I know, Blackie was the first working dog to have a successful surgical repair of this kind, and this success should bring the hope to other working and field dog owners and veterinarians throughout the country that at least one hospital and one great doctor can very possibly give an injured dog a good chance to live and work to a ripe old age.

LEWIS S. GREENLEAF JR.

Greenwich, Conn.

IN MEMORIAM BRUCE HARLAN

Sirs:

Bruce Harlan, Olympic springboard diving champion, 1948, and the coach of diving at the University of Michigan, was known and respected by hundreds in the world of swimming and diving. His death several days ago, at the age of 34, caused by injuries received in a fall from a scaffold (Sportsboard, July 6), is a shock to all of his colleagues and friends.

If you will check his record at Ohio State, you will find that he was a remarkable scholar-athlete, winning varsity letters in swimming and gymnastics as well as representing the track team as a pole-vaulter. A winner of the Western Conference Scholarship Medal; a member of Sphinx, the senior men's honorary society; captain of the swimming team; and the winner of nearly 20 major diving titles, who was subsequently elected to the Helms Diving Hall of Fame, he once demonstrated his athletic prowess and versatility by scoring two firsts in a gymnastics meet and one first in a swimming meet, all in the same afternoon!

A great athlete—whose death certainly deserved more space in leading newspapers and sports magazines than it received.

ROBERT L. CLOTWORTHY

Rye, N.Y.

• Mr. Clotworthy took the gold medal in the springboard diving championship in the 1956 Olympics.—ED.



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SALLY BLAIR AMES

'Nobody knows me'

Now that the fleet in the Transpacific race, that long slide from Los Angeles to Honolulu, is well under way, it can be revealed that at the helm of the 75-foot schooner *Constellation* is a woman skipper who considers herself purely a rookie in ocean racing. "Everybody knows and fears the *Constellation*," says her owner-skipper Sally Ames. "She came in first in Class A and second over-all in the '55 race, but nobody knows anything about me. We've tried hard to keep my inexperience a secret."

Sally Ames, the only woman skipper in this year's race, is a buoyant,

energetic 29-year-old Bostonian who has spent a good part of her life sailing small craft. Like many another small-boat sailor, she had the urge to try something larger, and this spring acquired *Constellation* "by twisting the owner's arm." Maxfield Smith, from whom Sally Ames bought her, is aboard to counsel Sally and her crew but, even so, the big *Constellation*, with one of the severest handicaps in the fleet, is not given much chance to win. "Never mind," says Sally. "The prospect of eventually gliding past Diamond Head will be satisfaction enough for me."



Henry Clay places an order with James Crow

Senator Henry Clay, that great Kentuckian, had his choice of many whiskies.

Yet a 19th century newspaper reported he rode far to visit James Crow's Kentucky distillery and personally arranged for Old Crow to be sent to his Washington home.



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